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SCIENTOLOGY: TOTAL FREEDOM & BEYOND DONOVAN BESS

Higher Learning in California

The Education of Ronald Reagan

ROSS Y. KOEN

The Tupamaros

URUGUAY'S URBAN GUERRILLAS MARYSA N. GERASSI

Sanford Watzman: Nader and the FTC

Robert Claiborne: War Games

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LETTERS

lending our ears

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Paeans of platitudinous praise . . . on behalf of the late Everett McKinley Dirksen have inundated the land. This . . . purple prose has pictured Ev (late of the team of "Ev & Charlie") as a combination Abe Lincoln, Mark Twain and John Wayne. . . . The only way I can explain all this is that there must have been two Everett Dirksens in the U.S. Senate: the one so completely canonized currently and the one who shrewdly parlayed a small-town law practice into a position that wielded enormous governmental power. . . . Then, of course, there are all kinds of definitions of Americanism, patriotism and statesmanship.

Harry Cimring

the draft and the Constitution

Pine Plains, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your otherwise excellent article, "Why the Draft Should Go" by John M. Swomley, Jr. [*The Nation*, Aug. 11], left out an important reason. The New York Civil Liberties Union is now challenging conscription in federal court as unconstitutional. It is involuntary servitude, unauthorized anywhere in the Constitution, and violating the Fifth and Thirteenth Amendments.

Yet every month another 1,500 youths are forced into uniform and shipped out to Vietnam, while we simply wring our hands and deplore. I urge all of *The Nation*'s readers to join me in belling the cat. Let our letters descend in a blizzard on Congress immediately, telling our Senators and Representatives that we want a repeal of the draft at once. Let Nixon put up or shut up on his promise of a volunteer army.

Jules Archer

P.S. I'm a World War II veteran with four years of overseas duty in the Pacific.

handcuffed speech

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Two young housewives were arrested when they refused to leave the local draft board office at closing time and insisted on continuing to read the names of the dead in Vietnam. A municipal court jury quickly found them guilty of trespass. Instead of sentencing the women to a fine, the usual penalty for this minor offense, the judge put off sentencing for five days, ordered them handcuffed and sent to county jail without permitting them to post bail. . . .

Before the trial the judge attempted to intimidate the women into pleading guilty or *nolo contendere*, and threatened to penalize them if they insisted on exercising their right to a jury trial. He further made clear that he won't permit the spouting of anti-war protests in his court. The judge made good his threat.

A shocked and outraged community is preparing a demonstration of support at the courthouse, while a writ of *habeas corpus* is readied.

Theodore Schoenman

correction

In the letter from Benjamin Szold Levin [*The Nation*, Sept. 8] the title of Prof. Wilbur J. Cohen's address at Brandeis University on Jan. 9 should have read "Social Goals for *1976*," not 1967. We regret the error. *Editors*

EDITORIALS

'Trim and Hold'

Defense Secretary Laird is said to have a plan to deal with the war in Vietnam, the major problem of the Nixon Administration: *(1)* Cut down the number of U.S. troops in the field and "vietnamize" the fighting; *(2)* use mainly or solely volunteers, as the French did when public opinion forced the army to stop sending draftees to Vietnam; *(3)* continue to bolster the South Vietnamese forces with American air support, logistics, etc.; (*4*) try to reduce the level of fighting so that the South Vietnamese, with large-scale American help but few American casualties, can hold their own against the Vietcong and Hanoi.

Obviously this is not a plan to end the war but to continue it indefinitely. In announcing the current withdrawal of 35,000 troops, Mr. Nixon called on the North Vietnamese to negotiate an end to the war. That is pure verbiage. The reality is to be found in Mr. Laird's scheme, or some variant concocted by Henry Kissinger or some other Administration thinker. But it is reality only in the sense that it reflects the Nixon Administration's determination to keep the war simmering at a level that will disarm domestic criticism while avoiding acknowledgment of defeat, or what Kissinger calls an "elegant bug-out." It is a plan to make the war politically endurable.

The odds that it will work, even in this limited sense, are none too good. It assumes almost inexhaustible patience on the part of the American people and a degree of persuasiveness that Mr. Nixon does not possess.

The *real* realities of Vietnam cannot be glossed over. The North Vietnamese and the Vietcong obviously do not purpose to negotiate on the give-and-take basis which would be welcomed by Mr. Nixon, Mr. Laird, Dr. Kissinger (whose role is hardly more than that of a phrase-maker and heuristic expert), the Joint Chiefs, Ellsworth Bunker, Henry Cabot Lodge, et al. The North Vietnamese were taken in once, after Geneva, and do not intend to repeat the experience. But the obstacles in Paris, while serious, do not approach the roadblocks constantly built and rebuilt by Thieu and Ky in Saigon. These two, and the warlords they represent, are Frankenstein monsters, and the United States is Frankenstein.

If American withdrawals go beyond the rate at which they feel their necks are safe, there may well be still another military coup, as Ky threatens. Short of that, the militarists' opportunities for sabotage are unlimited. The events during the cease-fire declared by Hanoi in memory of Ho Chi Minh were an illustration. Under American pressure, Thieu agreed to observe the truce and went off fishing in the South China Sea. A South Vietnamese spokesman then announced that Saigon would continue to fight. There followed some further altercation between the "allies," but in the end the South Vietnamese increased their offensive operations during the truce period. Whether from this or some other cause, Mr. Nixon lost his composure (such as it is), halted the B-52 bombings in South Vietnam, then thirty-six hours later reversed himself, giving an impression of floundering that he will not soon live down.

If Nixon were to dismiss Lodge and Bunker and pull

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the rug from under the Thieu-Ky government, he could have the peace he desires. Hanoi and the Vietcong would negotiate with a successor civilian government. But in such negotiations Hanoi would have the upper hand, and the owning-class faction in South Vietnam, the hawks in both the Republican and Democratic Parties, the Goldwaterites, the Wallaceites, the governing bodies of the veterans' organizations, and all the other die-hards at home and abroad would be at Mr. Nixon's throat. Even aside from the suicidal political aspects, Mr. Nixon is too vain to allow himself to go down in history as the President who accepted American defeat in Southeast Asia.

He will decide that his chances are better in 1972—and in the high school history textbooks—if he follows the policy of "trim and hold," which in its domestic aspect is a policy of trim and hope: that the public will give him more time, that the anti-war students and professors will not riot, that there will be no flash-overs in Congress or in the streets. But is there any reality in that hope?

Icebreakers

That the Nixon brand of reaction is still potent is shown by the defeats the Senate Pentagon critics have suffered in recent weeks, notably a 56 to 31 vote for development of a new intercontinental bomber to replace the B-52. However, there is profound discontent among members of the President's party over the course of events in Vietnam. A group of House Republicans is preparing a letter to solicit co-sponsors for a resolution putting a deadline of December 31, 1970 on the 1964 Tonkin Gulf resolution.

These Republicans are aware that they cannot muster the votes for repeal, but they wish to set a termination date on the statutory authority which Lyndon B. Johnson extracted from a supine Congress by blowing up a trivial naval engagement into a major affront to American power. It would serve public notice on Mr. Nixon that some Republicans want firm action leading to negotiations and an end to the war. The strategy was devised by two young, second-term Republicans, Riegle of Michigan and McCloskey of California. Senator Hatfield of Oregon has agreed to introduce the resolution in the Senate.

In the universities, a group of Eugene McCarthy supporters in 1968 have set up a "Vietnam Moratorium," which they call an "icebreaker" type of protest. The leaders include Sam Brown, David Hawk, David Mixner and Marge Sklencar. On October 15 there is to be a one-day protest demonstration on 200 campuses. The hope is to spread the protest movement from the campuses to the surrounding communities. The demonstrations are to be in the nature of "moratoria" rather than strikes, to emphasize the absence of coercion. The goal, however, is hardly low key—it is to gain a specific indication from the Nixon Administration that all American troops will be withdrawn in a short time.

The members of the central group organizing the demonstration had been associated with Rep. Allard K. Lowenstein (D., N.Y.) but split with him over his insistence that the call for the moratorium must be coupled with a condemnation of campus disruption and violence. The organizers certainly do not favor violence, but they

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know that Washington fears violence and the resulting headlines, and is much less perturbed by protest that does not disrupt normal activities.

The National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, which organized the Pentagon demonstration of 1967, is planning a "March on Washington" for November 14-15. The Students for a Democratic Society, or one part of it which survived the June split, is planning an October 8-11 anti-war action in Chicago, to synchronize with the trial of the "Conspiracy Eight." But some of the projected tactics, such as racing through high school halls shouting "Jailbreak!" are scarcely calculated to aid either the defendants or the anti-war cause.

Other anti-war movements are in the embryonic stage. All one can say at this point is that the Administration's hopes for tranquillity may prove as illusory as the past assurances of American military leaders that the Vietcong and Hanoi were practically licked.

The Cameron Report

The Cameron Commission—an official inquiry into the disturbances in Northern Ireland—has now issued its report (see *The Nation,* August 25, p. 140). Lord Cameron, a distinguished Scottish jurist, and his two associates (one Protestant, one Catholic; both on the faculty at Queens University, Belfast), have, in all substantial respects, sustained the charges that Catholics have been discriminated against in such fields as housing, voting rights and employment. To be sure, the commission found that the Catholic minority was not wholly free of fault, but the report traces the underlying causes of the disturbances to legitimate social and political minority grievances which have been ignored these many years.

It also makes the telling point that since the Government of Ireland Act of 1920 one party has been continuously in power, and no effective parliamentary opposition has so far been developed. The commission notes the inevitable consequences: "An opposition which can never become a government tends to lose a sense of responsibility, and a party in power which can never be turned out tends to be complacent and insensitive to criticism or acceptance of any need for change or reform." In a statement aimed directly at the Stormont government, the commission points out that it would be "a grave political and social error to regard the civil rights movement as narrowly sectarian or subversive; it was and is a movement which drew—and still draws—support from a wide measure of moderate opinion on many sides and to that extent is a novel phenomenon in . . . Northern Ireland."

That is indeed so, but the warning will probably go unheeded. It was not, of course, the task of the commission to inquire into the larger issue: the wisdom, fairness and present-day viability of the compromise that resulted in Ireland's partition. Some political problems—and partition is one—cannot be settled by compromise. In the end the division of 1920 must be squarely faced in terms of its latter-day consequences. On this matter it is a pleasure to quote a statement from a recent column by John P. Roche, whose views have not always been received with approval in these pages. "Ulster," he writes, "is an improvisation which has outlived its usefulness."

The Old Order

Of the generation gap we have heard more than enough. More interesting and significant is the slowly accumulating evidence that the old order is passing. In this instance by "old order" is meant the way in which the top-ranking chains of command impart consistency to institutions by preserving a similarity of views and assumptions over periods of time much longer than a generation. The death of individuals does not necessarily imply a change in "the old order"; individual leaders die every day. A change in the old order is signaled when institutions themselves begin to move in new—that is, nontraditional—directions. Several recent events illustrate the process.

At this year's meeting of the State Bar of California everyone, including the delegates, was surprised when the majority voted for abolition of capital punishment and approved lighter sentences for marijuana offenders. Then, by voice vote, the delegates rejected a recommendation that a mandatory prison sentence, without possibility of parole, be substituted for the death penalty. It was obviously felt by the delegates that murderers, like other prisoners, should retain the right of parole. Even more surprising, the Pasadena Bar Association, long regarded as a citadel of legal conservatism, pushed through a recommendation that in effect would eliminate "perversion" —oral copulation by consenting adults in private—as a criminal offense. Startled by this upsurge of rationality, Michael Harris of the *Chronicle* attributed it to "the rising influence of younger lawyers in California's legal establishment."

The sects affiliated with the United States Congress on Evangelism have long been regarded as the last holdouts against ecumenical cooperation. Yet the delegates to this year's annual meeting, held in Minneapolis, felt that the time had come to modify their traditional isolationism. "They now realize," one observer pointed out, that "they can't withdraw into a kind of Protestant monasticism and expect to reach people." A "new breed" of evangelists has evidently emerged, some of whom conduct "love-outs" and insist that members of the congregation not only make the traditional "decision for Christ" but commit themselves to a specific act of social involvement (*The New York Times*, September 14).

It is true that, timing his action to coincide with the Minneapolis meeting, the Rev. Carl McIntire, a leading fundamentalist, tacked a manifesto on the door of Riverside Church (which has become a kind of bulletin board for manifestoes) demanding $3 billion in reparations for "fundamentalists." But here too observers noted that "problems are piling up for Carl McIntire . . . his organization is eroding around him." He does still operate two colleges, a resort for fundamentalists at Cape May, N.J., and three radio stations, and publishes a weekly paper, but clear proofs that his problems are indeed mounting are the trend manifest at the Minneapolis meeting and the desperate bid for publicity implicit in the reparations stunt.

Other illustrations might be cited, for the phenomenon of the "new breed" is apparent not merely where it might

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be least expected, among fundamentalists and lawyers, but in other professions and institutions as well. Old orders change more slowly than do people—often more slowly even than the people who comprise them—but a shift in interests and values can be discerned on a wide institutional spectrum, and now that it has started it is likely to accelerate.

Northwest Passage

The voyage of the combination oil tanker-icebreaker *Manhattan* is a feat of no small consequence. It may presage economic tumult in the oil industry—conceivably to the advantage of consumers in some parts of the world, although this is an industry which does not easily relax its grip on those who cannot do without its products. If the passage is actually opened for year-round commercial traffic, there could be vast economic benefits for Alaska and for Canada, with such incidental effects as a boom for American shipyards. Most of the supertankers now in service have been built in Japan, but by American law oil shipments between points in the United States must be made in American-made tankers.

But the manly hysteria which is aroused by prospects of mammoth gain tends to obscure the possible ecological losses. For almost the first time, these may be taken into account before the financiers and engineers make the plunge. Although ecology has only recently become a household word, it is now something to be reckoned with, even by oil tycoons. The *Torrey Canyon* is not forgotten, and conservationists ask what would happen if an even larger tanker should break up in the ice. The pollution is bad enough in warm waters, where bacterial action is comparatively rapid; in the Arctic, the destruction of the fish and animal life on which the Eskimos live could be catastrophic. Another consideration: who would pay for the damage, assuming that compensation were possible? Canada may claim the Northwest Passage as part of its territorial waters. If so, will the Canadians be willing and able to provide icebreakers to aid a tanker in trouble, and all the other facilities required for traffic control in narrow straits, under rigorous conditions?

The larger social aspects of the Alaskan bonanza are even more disquieting. The state government has already realized about a billion dollars by auctioning the oil leases along its north shore. The tendency in such situations is to seize immediate benefits and let the future take care of itself. Alaska has a chance to learn from history, but will it? It can reflect on the headlong rush into the Oklahoma Territory, the "destruction of California," the depredations of the railroad and lumber interests, the long, sad story of rampant special interest going back to colonial days. Alaska has the opportunity to enjoy the benefits of the oil discovery and the technology that has gone into the exploitation of oil and other mineral reserves, at a price that is not prohibitive. Perhaps the new feeling for the public interest can be made to prevail, in a sensible combination of development and conservation. But both the people of Alaska and the federal government must guard against the psychology of *carpe diem*.

Chop

Journalistic karate has come into fashion again in the mass magazines. It is not primarily muckraking as the generation of Lincoln Steffens knew it, which was directed against institutions and conditions, but is aimed rather at highly visible and controversial individuals. How justified it is will be more evident when the pattern of lawsuits such exploits inevitably produce is better developed.

The new era of reportorial chop began when the late *Saturday Evening Post*, frantic to emancipate itself from the financially enervating image of Ben Franklin, went "sensational." Most conspicuously, this produced an expensive libel suit as a result of allegations made against Wally Butts, the University of Alabama football coach. *Post* officials were said to have remained "high" on the story, despite what it cost them in settlement fees, but the new policy did not save the magazine.

Soon thereafter, *Life* raised the machete: Rep. Cornelius Gallagher of New Jersey (charged with Mafia connections), the Abe Fortas-Wolfson Foundation story, and a piece on Governor Rhodes of Ohio similar to the Gallagher attack. When *Life* went after Roy Cohn, indicating that his influence with the FBI was such that he could shift its agents about at his pleasure, the clever former satellite of Joe McCarthy replied, in tones suggesting that he had just been hit in the kidneys, that the story was "disastrous" to him. He is now trying to use it to his advantage in the government's case pending against him.

More recently *Look*, smelling the arena, has sunk its claws into Mayor Alioto of San Francisco (charges again of fraternizing with the Mafia). Alioto, whose ambitious political career (he would like to be governor) is at stake, is suing for the headline grabbing sum of $12.5 million.

Time, surveying all this street fighting from a prudent distance, lumps it together as muckraking and says that that is a cyclical form of journalism which emerges from time to time when a society is troubled. This society is indeed troubled, and a good deal of muckraking is going on, the most useful examples being associated with the exploits of Ralph Nader. Some of the celebrity daubing may also be useful (throwing the rascals out is a sound American impulse), but one cannot be altogether certain that the journals in question are moved entirely, or primarily, by a sense of outrage.

In circulation wars, the struggle is not for readers as such but for readers as advertising bait. And the readers must be of a certain kind. The layman might suppose that advertisers would prefer subscribers, who put loyal trust in the magazine. But on Madison Avenue, where the enigmatic "media men" play their hunches, the preference is for impulse buyers. Subscription copies may lie on the coffee table, but when a guy grabs a magazine from the newsstand he must intend to read it. They like to see the public rioting for its favorite reading in the railroad terminals and along the busy streets. And nothing produces such a riot more reliably than the blaring headline that the eminent Mr. So-and-So was found with his hand in the wrong till or his hat in the wrong apartment. It may be good citizenship to carve his respectability into steaks; it is certainly thought to be good business. Next victim?

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The Education of Ronald Reagan

ROSS Y. KOEN

Mr. Koen is executive secretary of the Association of California State College Professors, associate editor of Voice of the Faculties, *and author of* The China Lobby in American Politics.

Sacramento

To observe that higher education is in trouble anywhere these days is hardly news, but in California the trouble is spelled with three Rs. They stand for Reagan, Rafferty and Reinecke. Reagan hardly needs introduction but there may be some who are unaware that Max Rafferty, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Ed Reinecke, the Reagan-appointed Lieutenant Governor, are, like Reagan, members ex-officio of the Board of Regents of the University and of the Board of Trustees of the California State Colleges.

His membership on and his power to appoint members to the governing boards of the university and state colleges gives the governor of California a special position of power which Reagan has not hesitated to exercise in order to achieve his twin goals of restructuring the basic social fabric of California and furthering his own political ambitions. Public higher education in California is as critical an element in achieving these goals as it was in attaining the governorship.

During his 1966 campaign, Reagan placed heavy emphasis on campus turmoil and on what was wrong with the university. It is a commonly held view that he rode the 1964 free speech movement at Berkeley to his seat in the governor's chair. He was scathing in his denunciations of dissenting and demonstrating students, and of university administrators who failed to put a stop to the dissent and the demonstrations. The language he used to describe those to whom he directed his attention was provocative and inflammatory. While he claimed—and still claims—that his attacks on the university were dictated by public outrage at what had occurred there, the fact is that Reagan and Rafferty together have done more to inflame public opinion and provide copy for reporters than all the events combined. Furthermore, each new round of speeches and each new incident on the campus requires more inflammatory and provocative language than the previous one, if public interest is to be kept at a high pitch.

More serious than his belligerent and inflammatory language were Reagan's campaign promises that he would "clean up the mess" on the campus by getting rid of the "small dissident minority" who were creating the disturbances, and would fire "weak" and "spineless" administrators who failed to take the measures necessary to restore order. Having no understanding of the sources of student discontent; having no knowledge of the machinery which keeps a university functioning; and having no ability to distinguish between order which is the result of an adequately functioning system of education and order which flows from the barrel of a gun or a tear-gas canister, Reagan made promises which no one, whatever his office, could fulfill. Even so, his campaign rhetoric produced victory for Reagan, just as it had on two previous occasions for Max Rafferty.

Whether or not to his credit, Reagan has remembered his promise to restore peace and quiet to the campuses; indeed, he has continued to repeat that promise, although no longer in the simplistic terms of the campaign. He discovered very quickly that, unlike the movie version, nothing happened simply because he, as Governor, had ordered it. The firing of Clark Kerr and the subsequent opening rounds of the battle to impose tuition on college and university students taught Reagan that securing control of the system of higher education—whatever effect that might or might not have on campus turbulence—would be a slower and more difficult process than the mere magic of issuing commands.

Firing Kerr was accomplished only by a careful stitching together of conservative and moderate members of the Board of Regents and required the three new votes which Reagan carried with him, as Governor, to that meeting. That the governor does have considerable power, even over the appointees of previous governors, is quite evident. People who have made their way up in the corporate and professional power structure in a manner conducive to their appointment to academic governing boards usually have a proclivity for submitting to the authority of elected officials. Moreover, the fact that the governor appoints the regents and trustees without any outside check or confirmation gives him great personal power over those members who hope for reappointment and whose terms will expire during the expected gubernatorial term. Even when the terms of members are sixteen years, as is the case with the regents, a new governor can frequently, with luck, gain control of these boards in less than one four-year term. Reagan's luck was either little short of magical or it was not luck at all. Evidence of the latter was one regent's complaint that Reagan threatened to turn loose every investigative agency of the state on the affairs of recalcitrant board members. The regent said that even the most scrupulously honest man could be ruined financially by such a procedure.

In any case, Reagan's acquisition of control over higher education was hastened considerably by the fact that he could appoint his own lieutenant governor after Finch left for Washington, and by the fact that Max Rafferty supported Reagan's election and is his ideological mentor. They think alike, both ideologically and politically. In addition, each new governor has an instant regental appointment upon taking office because he appoints the president of the state Board of Agriculture who is, by constitutional mandate, a regent ex-officio.

Reagan's control over California's colleges and universities was also enhanced by legislation, passed in 1967,

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creating a new fifteen-member state-wide Board of Governors for the public junior colleges. Each of these eighty-two institutions is governed locally by an elected Junior College District Board, but the new board will set overall policy and will control the expenditure of the rapidly increasing amounts of state funds going to them. Reagan appointed all fifteen members early in 1968.

Reagan's first appointments to the Board of Trustees of the California state colleges went to two Republicans who were originally appointed by Brown, and whose terms expired in 1967. They were George Hart, an ultra-conservative who thinks Chancellor Glenn Dumke is an incompetent left winger, and Daniel Ridder, editor of one of the conservative Ridder newspapers.

Later in the year, Reagan made his first new appointment to the board by naming Earle M. Jorgensen to fill out the remainder of the term of liberal Democrat Victor Palmieri who resigned after frequent clashes with the controlling clique. Jorgensen, known chiefly for his opposition to increasing college budgets and faculty salaries, said last year that he would be happy to lead the police and National Guard forces onto the San Francisco State campus to clear it with machine guns.

In 1968, two members who had consistently espoused the cause of law and order and opposed any concessions to faculty or students, but who were Democrats, were replaced by two Republicans. One of the new members, Karl L. Wente, is the moderate, conscientious, independent head of the Wente Brothers Winery who had "never met Reagan before his appointment." He was apparently the nominee of the Democratic president pro tem of the state Senate, Hugh Burns, who, however, supported Rafferty in the 1968 race for United States Senator. The other is the extreme right-wing chairman of the board of National Airlines, Dudley Swim, who had already shown his colors as a Reagan appointee to the public membership of the Coordinating Council for Higher Education. He would solve the plane hijacking problem by offering pilots a $1-million reward for each hijacker brought back dead. He concedes that the attitudes of passengers in such a situation might present a problem.

Reagan gained almost complete control of the Board of Trustees of the state colleges this year when he appointed Reinecke and named two Republicans to replace Brown appointees whose terms had expired. One of these is a hard-line former district attorney, William Weissich, who has campaigned for right-wing Republicans. The other, E. Litton Bivans, is a Los Angeles businessman whose reputation as a moderate has not thus far been reflected in his actions on the board.

Currently, then, a majority of the members of the state college Board of Trustees, including all the ex-officio members and all of Reagan's appointees with the occasional exception of Wente, can be expected to support Reagan's "hard-line" approach and to turn the screw on students and faculty at every opportunity.

As for the Board of Regents of the university, Reagan gained control more quickly than had been expected in view of the sixteen-year terms. In part, this was due, as noted, to the fact that he appoints other officials whose position makes them regents ex-officio. In part, it was due to Reagan's early success in persuading the regents to fire Clark Kerr as president and regent. The key element in his early success, however, is the fact that he was able to name four new regents in the past year—one regular appointment, one to fill a vacancy created by death, one because of a resignation, and the fourth the lieutenant governor.

For several years the university was steered through a number of crises by a moderate-liberal coalition on the Board of Regents. As James Wrightson of the McClatchy newspapers has observed, "It was the moderate-liberal coalition which defused the free speech crises in Berkeley in 1964 by granting reasonable concessions to students and giving more authority to Chancellors to deal with student demands.

"It was this group on the board which backed U.C. Chancellor Roger Heyns's deft handling of the anti-Vietnam protests at Berkeley and kept them in bounds.

"This was the group which . . . rallied behind University President Charles J. Hitch last fall to keep the Eldridge Cleaver lectures controversy from moving into the realm of a direct challenge to academic freedom on the Berkeley campus."

The resignation of Mrs. Dorothy Chandler, one of the owners of the *Los Angeles Times,* clearly foreshadowed the break-up of the coalition. Whereas a year ago thirteen to sixteen members could usually be mustered to block any drastic action likely to lead to a confrontation with students or faculty, today Reagan seems to be able to count on twelve of the twenty-four regents, plus his own vote. Observers of the board place another seven in the moderate category. Only four are classed as liberals.

Reagan has also managed to gain substantial control over two other agencies in California which have considerable impact on public higher education. The first is the Coordinating Council for Higher Education, created by the 1960 "Master Plan for Higher Education" and designed to coordinate the development of all the segments. The second is the Constitutional Revision Commission which has been at work for five years developing proposals for revising and shortening California's antiquated and much amended constitution.

The Coordinating Council is made up of six public members (the original number of three was doubled by legislation in 1965), three members each chosen by the state college and university boards, three members representing the junior colleges, and three members representing the private institutions. The function of the council is to advise the governor and the legislature on the "orderly growth" of higher education in the state. Prior to the increase in the public membership, the council was dominated by the state's institutional representatives and was unable to take any action which encountered serious opposition from any one of these segments. Doubling the public membership has resulted chiefly in a stalemate, with the six public members and three private institution representatives evenly balancing the nine members from the public institutions.

Since the public members serve for only four years, and with an even higher turnover because of deaths and

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resignations, it was relatively easy for Reagan to gain control of that portion of the membership. He can now end the stalemate and turn the council to positive support of his policies.

The Constitutional Revision Commission is important for public higher education because for almost 100 years the University of California has enjoyed a highly privileged constitutional status. Article IX, Section 9, of the present constitution gives the regents "full powers of organization and government" over the nine-campus university. In practice, this has meant that the university could use whatever funds were provided by the legislature as the regents saw fit, and that it was immune to intrusions by other agencies of government for accounting and auditing purposes. Only in recent years has the legislature begun to insist, as a condition of its continuing appropriations, on detailed fiscal reports from the university. The primary educational considerations thus before the Constitutional Revision Commission are whether the university should be continued in this privileged status, whether other public institutions of higher education should be granted the same status, or whether none of the institutions should be given constitutional protection.

The eighty-man commission, as originally constituted during the Brown administration, was largely made up of persons of traditional liberal and moderate views. They ranged from college professors and administrators, through the usual range of business and professional people, labor leaders, League of Women Voters housewives, and other civic leaders, to one almost unbelievable Uncle Tom, who was the only black member. Several vacancies on the commission have been filled by Reagan. Some of the changes in attitude on the part of the commission reflect, of course, the polarization caused by events of the past few years. Nevertheless, Reagan's new appointees are clearly having an effect.

If his past actions provide any guide, what Reagan will do with his newly consolidated control of the boards and agencies which govern the policies and direction of higher education in California is fairly predictable. At the same time that he was demonstrating his power with the regents by getting rid of Kerr, Reagan was also testing his power over educational finances. In his first budget submitted to the legislature early in 1967, Reagan reduced the proposed appropriations for the universities and the state colleges by some 15 per cent. These were not reductions from the previous year's appropriations but were cuts in the amounts proposed by the Brown administration for 1967-68 which were, in turn, substantially below what had been requested by the trustees and the regents. Part of Reagan's cuts in the higher education appropriations were restored by the legislature. Reagan responded by vetoing or reducing specific appropriations so that the university emerged with a budget 17 per cent below its own scaled-down request; the state colleges took a 12.2 per cent cut.

Although higher education has taken the brunt of the state's economy drives since Governor Brown's "bare bones budget" of 1964, and is living through a period of unprecedented annual enrollment increases, Reagan has permitted no rises in their appropriations beyond the minimum required to handle the projected increase in student population. The projected increases in enrollment, however, have fallen far short of the actual numbers seeking admission. In 1968-69, the state colleges were forced to seek a supplemental appropriation to pay for an enrollment of almost 7,000 students larger than had been projected. The money then allotted was about one-tenth the amount per student which had been included in the regular budget.

In a recent directive on preparation of 1970-71 budget requests, Reagan allocated to the university and the state colleges only as much money as was appropriated for their support in 1967-68. He ordered college officials to request additional funds for work-load increases (enrollment in the state colleges will have risen more than 30 per cent for the three-year period) on a strict priority basis. Requests for funds for new and expanded programs must be submitted in a third-stage priority list.

Throughout his 1966 campaign Reagan insisted that a substantial part of the financing of the public colleges and universities should be accomplished by charging tuition. He lost little time after his inauguration in making his first move in that direction. In his first budget, he proposed that a tuition charge of $250 for students at the university and $180 for students in the state colleges should be used as an offset against the general fund appropriation. He added a small carrot by agreeing that a portion of the funds from tuition could be used to augment the proposed appropriations.

Reagan soon learned that the constitutional status of the university prevented either him or the legislature from forcing the regents to charge tuition. The regents could have been placed under severe pressure had the legislature been willing to reduce the appropriations for the university by the amount which it was anticipated could be raised by tuition. The requirement of a two-thirds' majority for passage of the budget in California, however, made that a political impossibility.

When he found that tuition could not be imposed on the university at that time, Reagan abandoned the budget approach and concentrated his attention on getting the regents themselves to adopt tuition. After a fifteen-month campaign, during which he was forced to abandon the term "tuition," the regents approved an $81 increase in students' "fees." The trustees of the state colleges have also increased fees for 1969-70 in an amount slightly less than one-half that of the university increase. Reagan has not abandoned his campaign for tuition, and another substantial increase in charges to students can be expected.

But the most dramatic—and the most serious—of Reagan's approaches to higher education are his attacks on students and faculty. One must grant that Reagan has remarkable intuition when it comes to selecting issues to exploit. The rise in frequency and seriousness of campus demonstrations and disturbances in the past two years has provided him with the grounds for returning to the inflammatory language of the campaign at precisely the right time to prepare for 1970. Here again, the pattern of Reagan's actions emerges with perfect clarity.

The first meeting of the Board of Trustees of the California state colleges which Reagan attended was an

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emergency session which he forced after a relatively minor incident on the San Francisco State College campus in December 1967. The Governor made nation-wide headlines and massive television film footage as he threatened and cajoled the board into adopting drastic emergency regulations to prevent such disturbances in the future. His actions could be seen at the time, and this view is confirmed in retrospect, as the opening step in his campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1968. The regulations were subsequently very sharply modified because of persuasive evidence that they would not work and were probably illegal. Reagan, however, had attained his objective of being depicted as a tough man who in a crisis could force a weak board to do its public duty.

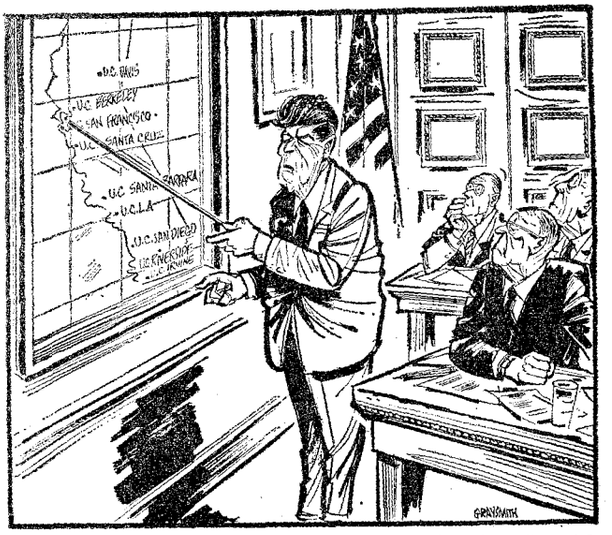
During the first several months of 1968, Reagan was busy promoting his Presidential candicacy in other states and fighting off a recall movement at home. His return home from defeat at the convention was marked by a sharp escalation in his battle with higher education. Two events which occurred almost simultaneously at Berkeley and San Francisco State provided the framework.

At San Francisco State a controversy was brewing over a report that a part-time black instructor, George Murray, had warned black students that they would be well advised to carry guns to protect themselves. Murray is a member of the Black Panthers, had been placed on probation for his alleged part in a fracas with the staff of the student newspaper in the spring, and had made an unauthorized trip to Cuba in the summer.

Following the report that Murray had advised students to carry guns, the college brought charges against him and was preparing to hold hearings to determine what, if anything, should be done. Before such hearings could be held, Reagan and state college Chancellor Glenn Dumke demanded that Murray be fired summarily, or at least be suspended pending the results of the hearings. College President Robert Smith resisted these demands while Reagan and Dumke fumed and blustered.

Meanwhile, an announcement from Berkeley that Eldridge Cleaver would give a series of lectures in a special course kicked off a new furor. Reagan demanded that the course be canceled and that those responsible for arranging it be fired. A series of sharp exchanges between faculty and regents made it appear for a time that a major confrontation over academic freedom was in the making. The issue was eventually settled without a serious revolt, but only because Reagan did not have a majority of the regents with him. This incident unquestionably helped radicalize many additional students and contributed substantially to the disruptive events later in the year.

A curious side effect of the Cleaver incident was its role in helping to push Chancellor Dumke over the brink on the Murray affair at San Francisco State. In the week preceding the November election, Dumke put the state colleges back in the headlines by ordering President Smith to suspend George Murray immediately. Smith complied with the order and on November 6, the day following the election, the student strike at San Francisco State began. There is little doubt that one of the motives for the timing of Reagan and Dumke's move on Murray was the hope that it would provide the margin of victory in Max Rafferty's campaign for the U.S. Senate. The move failed



San Francisco Chronicle

"Imagine if You Will, Gentlemen, a Row of Dominoes"

to achieve that objective but it gave Reagan a new source of headlines for the next three months.

It is important to note that Reagan had been able to prevail on Dumke to do for him at San Francisco State what the Governor had not been able to persuade the regents to do at Berkeley. Smith, responding to a vote of the faculty and the extreme danger created by an attack on students by San Francisco police, closed the campus, tried to reopen it, then closed it again. An emergency meeting of the Board of Trustees on November 18 provided Reagan a forum for demanding that the campus be opened immediately, that it be kept open "at the point of a bayonet" if necessary, and that there be no negotiations with or concessions to striking students until "order has been restored and the educational process resumed."

This "nonnegotiable" stance was maintained firmly by Reagan throughout the student strike and the strike by the AFT local of professors and teaching assistants which began on January 6. The true nature of Reagan's position, which is still not understood by the public, is that the nonnegotiation stance was applied to the professors by Reagan before they struck, thereby forcing them to that drastic action. To their credit, a group of trustees did begin negotiations and ultimately brought an end to the strike, but they could do so only by allowing Reagan and the board to maintain that no negotiations had taken place.

Restoration of relative peace to the San Francisco State campus came almost simultaneously with new disruptions at Berkeley in the form of a strike by teaching assistants and Third World students. Reagan reacted with what has come to be recognized as his characteristic response to any development at Berkeley—he declared "a state of extreme emergency" and ordered the State Highway Patrol to the campus. The conditions thus created ultimately merged with the people's park confrontation the dispatch of National Guard forces to Berkeley, th tear-gassing of the campus by helicopter—all accompanie by Reagan's daily reiteration of his nonnegotiable stand

Then as if he were desperately afraid that all the tu moil he had done so much to foment would go away ov

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the summer, Reagan raised two new issues in the spring. First he made the statement that college and university faculties, particularly those in the social sciences and the humanities, were unbalanced to the left and that conservatives could not get teaching jobs. He proposed to remedy the situation by seeing to it that departments in those disciplines have a "balance" of liberal and conservative members. He denied, when questioned, that he was proposing a political test for prospective teachers.

Shortly after raising this issue, Reagan persuaded the regents to take into their own hands the granting of tenure to each faculty member. The regents will now review the recommendations of each chancellor and will approve or reject each professor as they see fit. Regents denied that the decision would be based on political considerations, but one opponent of the move said he had never heard a professor's appointment or tenure discussed except as to his political beliefs. The trustees of the state colleges will have a similar proposal before them in late September. It is almost certain to be adopted.

One cannot review the actions and policies of the Reagan administration toward higher education, noting also their parallels in other areas of public concern, without reaching the conclusion that California is almost certainly facing a period of unprecedented crisis. San Francisco State is in many ways, even more than Berkeley, a microcosm of the condition of the state. The ruthless manner in which Smith was forced to resign; the appointment of the colorful but jingoistic and dangerous S. I. Hayakawa as acting president and then permanent president, in a way which violated every previously agreed on and established procedure for making such appointments; the firing of the chairman of the black studies program; the reduction in the promised number of minority student admissions this fall; the continued harassment of professors who struck last year, are only a few of the factors which suggest that the outward calm of last spring belies the underlying tension. Anyone familiar with the campus is aware that it could explode at any moment.

What has happened at San Francisco State, at Berkeley, with respect to all of public higher education, is typical of the Reagan administration in general. The entire pattern of actions presents to the observer the strange and disturbing phenomenon of the demagogue building up and using popular sentiment against the public.

For a variety of reasons, including the tax structure and educational discrimination against disadvantaged and minority group sections of the population, the parents of no more than one-fourth of the school-age children in California have any reasonable expectation of college attendance or completion for their children. Reagan's skill in cultivating nihilistic reactions is considerable, but it is obvious that many Californians are predisposed to condemn and punish any seeming misbehavior from college students as members of an advantaged group.

Reagan seems to draw heavily from the lower middle class to gain support for policies which will sharpen the tendencies toward inequality already so noticeable in California public higher education. A student body which has been wracked by reactions to the American social condition is condemned for its concern by sections of the public that stand particularly to gain from the very reforms of American society which are advocated.

Governor Reagan's special contribution to California politics is thus the use of artfully cultivated reactions from the middle 60 per cent of the population against themselves and against the bottom 20 per cent, on behalf of the rich.

The American political system has generally provided the means for constant correction and regeneration. In a matter of weeks, Governor Reagan is expected to announce his candidacy for re-election next year and his handling of educational issues will be a major facet of the campaign. One must hope, therefore, that the people of California are becoming disenchanted with the Reagan excesses and will return to the world of mid-20th-century realities. Meanwhile, it is particularly urgent that college and university faculty, administrators and governing boards, and students understand what is happening and see to it that the voters understand as well. They are the targets of Reagan's demagogy, but they need not be sitting ducks.

THE TUPAMAROS

URUGUAY'S URBAN GUERRILLAS

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Among the many protests staged by Latin Americans to demonstrate their opposition to U.S. policies during Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's recent visit was the destruction of the General Motors offices in Montevideo, Uruguay, by a commando of the Movimiento de Liberación Nacional (MLN), also known as the Tupamaros. Despite extreme security measures, four men, dressed as police officers and armed with machine guns, broke into the G.M. office building and tied two night watchmen. They sprayed fuel in several rooms and on some six cars and set the building on fire. The pamphlets found at the scene bore the five-pointed star of the Tupamaros and protested the visit of Rockefeller, "agent of imperialism." In July, with Uruguay under martial law, the Tupamaros killed one policeman and disarmed several in five raids.

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The Tupamaros have been President Jorge Pacheco Areco's major headache since he took over the Presidency in 1967, after Gen. Oscar Gestido died in office. They are the major guerrilla movement in Latin America today and operate in an area—urban guerrilla warfare—where all other revolutionary attempts have failed in recent years.

Since Fidel Castro and his followers overthrew Batista, many Latin American revolutionaries have become convinced that the only means to achieve power is guerrilla warfare. They agree that the *"foco"* can create the "subjective conditions" for the revolution and have forsaken other possible strategies. The main disagreements have centered on the evaluation of "objective conditions" and on the role of political parties in the revolutionary process. The type of guerrilla best suited for each individual Latin American country has also been a topic of discussions. In certain countries, notably Venezuela, revolutionaries have tried both urban and rural warfare. On the whole, rural guerrilla warfare, advocated both in writing and in action by men like Ernesto Che Guevara, Régis Debray and numerous Latin Americans, among others Douglas Bravo (in Venezuela) and Luis de la Puente Uceda (in Peru), has been the more widely accepted strategy. In fact, urban guerrillas were considered to be totally inadequate for Latin America, especially after the failure of the Venezuelan *guerrilleros* in the early sixties.

The Tupamaros have done a good deal to advance the opposite case in Uruguay. Almost at the same time that urban guerrilla warfare was abandoned in Venezuela, the Tupamaros adopted that strategy as the most adequate for the "objective conditions" existing in their country. For many years Uruguay was one of the most stable nations in Latin America, where democratic traditions had profound roots, where the most varied parties of the Left had accepted the rules of democratic procedure, and where civic obligations were strongly felt. Uruguay had never shared the problems of the rest of the continent: dire poverty for most of the population, racial divisions, blind oligarchies, bloody dictatorships and exploitation. Its population had benefited from an advanced welfare system and its predominant middle class had enjoyed a high real standard of living in comparison with the rest of the continent. In fact, Uruguay was the "Switzerland of Latin America."

By the mid-fifties, however, Uruguay's economy, based on wool, meat and hide exports, began to falter and the two-party system organized by José Batlle y Ordóñez at the beginning of the century showed signs of strain. As the economic situation deteriorated, the anti-inflationary measures applied by the government in the early sixties met with increasing opposition. In June 1968, after the cost of living had increased 160 per cent in fifteen months, President Pacheco Areco sought to stop inflation and obtain credits from the International Monetary Fund by establishing wage and price controls. The decision was preceded by a month of violent clashes between the police and workers, civil servants, teachers and students (striking for more money for education and a lower bus fare). Before setting up wage and price controls, Pacheco Areco declared Uruguay under limited martial law, which empowered him to close labor unions, ban public meetings, establish press censorship, and jail any political agitator. This state of siege did not calm the situation and strikes went on. In September 1968, hundreds of students clashed with the police and three students were killed; the government closed the university and all schools on September 22. In January 1969, striking civil servants clashed with the police in Montevideo. One person was killed and thirty-two were injured.

On March 15, 1969, the state of siege was lifted. The workers who had been imprisoned were released; *Extra,* a leftist newspaper which had been closed, was permitted to reappear, and the special mounted police disappeared from Montevideo's main streets. However, as a result of the unrest provoked by Rockefeller's visit, Pacheco Areco reinstated martial law and added one item: all news concerning the Tupamaros was to be censored.

The fundamental factor that prompted the Tupamaros to launch their strategy in the early sixties was their belief that Uruguay had entered a deep and prolonged crisis. The measures adopted to cure Uruguay's economic ills have hit the middle class particularly hard. As it saw its standard of living go down, it joined the workers in protests against the rising cost of living. Civil servants, bank employees and students have defied martial law and gone on strike. Some have joined the Tupamaros. The two Tupamaros arrested after a Banco de Cobranzas holdup in 1964 proved to be a professor of the Escuela Nacional de Bellas Artes and an ex-student of that institution. The police subsequently arrested an engineer who had provided the arms for the robbery. The Tupamaros boast: "Most of the people may not be ready to take part in our struggle, but at least they are not willing to get killed defending a government that harms them."

Since 1963, the Tupamaros have carried out at least fifty-three commando raids, displaying a showmanship that is comprised of humor, audacity and good planning. Perhaps their most spectacular feat was exposing the operations of the Financiera Monty, an investment activity of the sort not legal in Uruguay, since such financing is reserved to banks. On February 16, 1969, Montevideo's broadcasting stations and newspapers received a statement signed by the Tupamaros indicating that two days earlier an MLN commando had broken into the offices of the Financiera Monty in downtown Montevideo and had "expropriated" some $25,000, three packages containing stocks and six account books. The Tupamaros demanded an official statement, saying why the public had not been informed of the holdup, and promised to publicize the contents of the account books at a later date. The police then issued a statement acknowledging that the robbery had indeed taken place and that an investigation was already under way. On February 25, the MLN sent another leaflet to Montevideo's news media, giving a list of the assets and the people connected with the company. The latter included a minister, politicians and figures prominent in Uruguay's business community. This second note was accompanied by photostatic copies of the pages from which the information had been drawn.

On March 1, a mysterious fire in the Monty offices

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burned most of the documents that could have either refuted or substantiated the Tupamaros' accusations. A few days later, the company books were deposited at the door of the attorney in charge of the investigation.

The origins of the MLN are still very obscure. In a country small enough for everybody to discover the best-guarded secret, very little is known about the Tupamaros, how they came into being as a group, who the leader or leaders are. The name comes from Tupac Amaru, the 18th-century Inca *cacique* who led an unsuccessful rebellion against Spain.

The Tupamaros first identified themselves as a revolutionary group on August 9, 1965, when shortly before midnight a high caliber bomb exploded in front of the offices occupied by Bayer, the chemical concern. A leaflet with the following message was found nearby: "Death to Vietnam's Yankee assassins. The assassin's intervention in Vietnam must be answered by the union of all oppressed people. The common enemy must be crushed. Bayer, a Nazi enterprise, provides gas for the gringos' intervention. Viva Vietnam. Viva la Revolución. TUPAMAROS."

The beginnings of the MLN, however, go back at least to 1962 and are connected with the activities of a prominent union organizer, Raúl Sendic. Between 1959 and 1962, Sendic, a former law student in his mid-30s and long-time member of the Socialist Party, organized first the sugar beet workers of Paysandú and then the sugar cane workers of Salto and Artigas, in northern Uruguay. In June 1962, Sendic led the *cañeros,* their wives and children on a 350-mile march to publicize their demands. His long and arduous struggle, reminiscent of Cesar Chavez's drive with California's grape workers, finally paid off. He organized the UTAA (Unión de Trabajadores Azucareros de Artigas) and obtained the implementation of legislation long ignored by the local landowners. Other new UTAA demands, for better working conditions and the expropriation of 30,000 hectares left uncultivated by absentee landowners, were not met despite repeated marches to Montevideo in 1964 and 1965. The *cañeros* still use the slogan, "For the Fatherland and with Sendic," although he has not been officially connected with UTAA since mid-1963.

On July 31, 1963, a small group of men broke into the Rifle Club of Nueva Helvecia, a sleepy town in Uruguay's hinterland, and stole thirty-one rifles and two carbines, most of which had been lent to the club by the Uruguayan armed forces. At first, the police attributed the robbery to common criminals, but gradually concluded that it had been a political act and singled out Raúl Sendic as the leader. They are probably right.

The Nueva Helvecia robbery marked the beginning of a long series of attacks against arsenals. Dynamite, rifles, guns, military and police uniforms have disappeared in swift commando operations. On January 1, 1964, the customs office of Bella Union, a town on the border of Brazil, was attacked by a handful of men who escaped with nineteen rifles. In February 1966, a commando broke into a theatre showing an Arnold Wesker play and stole ten Mausers and eighteen military uniforms lent by the Uruguayan armed forces for the performance.

Banks have been another target. On October 14, 1964, a branch of the Banco de Cobranzas was held up by two armed men. They managed to get away with a few thousand dollars, but were later arrested. The Tupamaros have been far more successful since then—in their last bank holdup they got away with almost $10,000. Their most profitable "expropriations," however, have been from Uruguay's casinos. On November 29, 1968, six men entered Montevideo's Casino Carrasco at 3:45 P.M. and left with $25,000. On February 18, 1969, seven men dressed in the Tupamaros' favorite disguise, police uniforms, forced their way into Punta del Este's elegant Casino San Rafael and escaped with some $200,000.

Besides "expropriating," the Tupamaros attack U.S. business concerns. When Uruguay broke diplomatic relations with Cuba on September 18, 1964, they placed bombs in a Montevideo bank, in the offices of the Moore-McCormack Lines, in a building owned by Coca-Cola, and burned two official American cars parked in front of the U.S. Embassy. To protest Governor Rockefeller's visit, they not only set fire to General Motors (causing $1 million worth of damage) but started at least a dozen blazes in businesses connected with U.S. capital—Coca-Cola was again one of the targets. Montevideo's main radio stations have also been attacked by the Tupamaros. The sabotage of Radio Ariel, owned by Jorge Batlle, a close adviser of Pacheco Areco, was particularly effective. The station was raided a few minutes before the President was to address the nation and the damage was so great that it had to be closed for several days. The Tupamaros escaped, taking some short-wave transmitters with them.

The most unusual Tupamaro raid was that of the "Hunger Commando." That group held up a truck owned by a food-store chain on December 24, 1963, and distributed its chickens, turkeys and sweets to the inhabitants of a slum for their Christmas dinner.

The transformation of Uruguay's left-wing militants into Tupamaros took place somewhere between 1962 and 1963. That year, Sendic and the Socialist Party militants who had been organizing the nonunionized workers of Uruguay's countryside, became convinced that both tactics and strategy had led them to a dead end. Thus they decided to form a paramilitary group, independent of the official line adopted by the Socialist Party. That group was the Tupamaros and their first holdup, at Nueva Helvecia, was carried out without the support or knowledge of the party. The Tupamaros have not explained this transformation, but observers agree that the *cañeros'* struggle was crucial. The cane workers and their organizers faced not only the indifference of the government but that of the leftist parties as well. Furthermore, they met with the violent opposition of a labor union, now extinct, the Confederación Sindical del Uruguay. The death of a passer-by during a confrontation between the CSU and the UTAA in 1962, exposed the increasing radicalization of trade unions and political groups. This incident is regarded as one of the probable direct antecedents of the Nueva Helvecia rifle "expropriation" the following year.

The second stage in their evolution came about when the Tupamaros decided that a paramilitary group connected

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with a specific party was not an adequate solution. Whether the Tupamaros attempted to engage the Socialist Party in revolutionary action and failed, or decided that it was to their advantage to dissociate themselves from a party, the fact is that the group's ties with the Socialists were severed. They became the Movimiento de Liberación Nacional, which welcomes all militants who agree with its strategy and tactics.

The only document stating the ideology and strategy of the MLN was published in the leftist Chilean magazine, *Punto Final*. The July 2, 1968 issue carried a long article, still the major source of information on the evolution of the movement, and an appendix entitled "Thirty Questions to a Tupamaro." The thirty answers, given to a magazine the Tupamaros could trust (Fidel Castro also chose *Punto Final* for the Latin American edition of Guevara's Bolivian diary) are considered to be the movement's official position.

The basic principle which has guided the MLN is that "revolutionary action in itself, that is, the process of arming and preparing oneself, acquiring equipment and finally carrying out actions that violate bourgeois legality, generates revolutionary conscience, organization and conditions." This principle is what separates the MLN from all other Uruguayan leftist organizations. Platforms and documents are important, but they are not sufficient to make a revolution. Furthermore, the principles of "a Socialist revolution have been spelled out and tried out in countries like Cuba. They cannot be discussed any longer."

Their position concerning strategy is quite clear. "Although the efforts to create a party or a mass movement before initiating the armed struggle cannot be disregarded, there is no doubt that armed struggle quickens and precipitates mass movements. Both Cuba and China are examples of this . . . . In other words, the rigid formula advanced by certain theoreticians, 'first create the party and then start the revolution,' has more exceptions than applications, historically. Nobody can doubt any longer that the smallest armed group has more chance to become a popular army than the group that limits itself to taking 'revolutionary positions.' " This rejection of the debate among numerous Latin American leftists over the role of the political party in the revolutionary process is typical of the Tupamaros and stems from their lack of dogmatism in everything except their ultimate goal, socialism. They have even managed to remain outside the usual bitter fighting of the Left. They place themselves in the Marxist-Leninist camp, consider their struggle to be part of a continental strategy aimed at creating "more Vietnams," but they are not sectarian. *Punto Final* described the MLN's relationship with the Uruguayan Left in these terms: "Their work receives fraternal treatment from the Socialist Party, the MRO (Movimiento Revolucionario Oriental) and the FAU (Federación Anarquista del Uruguay) and respectful treatment from the Communist Party."

Another indication of the MLN's flexibility is the refusal of the Tupamaro interviewed by *Punto Final* to give any detailed strategy for Uruguay or any other country: "Strategy is elaborated on the basis of real facts and reality changes, independent of our will." He indicated the following general lines, "valid for this day, this month and this year . . . . To create as soon as possible an armed force capable of taking advantage of any favorable situation created either by Uruguay's crisis or any other factor. To create consciousness in the population, through the actions of armed groups or any other means, that only revolution will bring change. To strengthen the labor unions, radicalize their struggle and connect them with the revolutionary movement. To create bases in the cities and in the countryside. To connect ourselves with other Latin American revolutionary movements for action throughout the continent."

More specifically, strategy was based on: "The conviction that the present crisis, far from ending, is worsening every day. Our country is bankrupt. A capitalist development plan aimed at increasing production of export goods, were it feasible, would give meager results and only in a long range. In other words, people will continue to tighten their belts for many years . . . . The second basic fact in our strategy is the high degree of unionization among Uruguayan workers. All unions are not equally combative—either because of their composition or their leadership—but the fact that practically all the employees of the government-owned services, banking, industry and commerce are unionized constitutes by itself a highly positive factor, unparalleled in America. The possibility of paralyzing the state services has created and can create a very interesting situation from a revolutionary point of view . . . ."

The Tupamaros discarded rural guerrilla warfare because Uruguay lacks the mountains or jungles where a "*foco*" can be organized. On the other hand, it is highly urbanized, at least 70 per cent of its 2,560,000 inhabitants live in cities and almost half in Montevideo alone. The capital also dominates Uruguay's economic life, handles most of the international trade, consumes 75 per cent of the electricity, and contains most of the industry. Montevideo was considered a far better setting for a guerrilla base than the flat, sparsely populated countryside.

Although police estimate that there are some 100 hard-core Tupamaros, the exact number is unknown. A recent publication indicates that the total is 1,000 but with only fifty or a hundred participating in commando operations. The members are divided into completely independent cells of six or seven men, coordinated through the leaders, and each Tupamaro ignores the real identity of his fellow cell members. Decisions for commando operations are put to a vote, individually or by cells. Leaders meet once a year to discuss their units' instructions and evaluations. It is not known whether the MLN has both a military and a political leadership or whether they are united in one person.

MLN prefers single men, but both men and women are accepted. The future *guerrillero* must be sponsored by a Tupamaro, who has to write an exhaustive report on the candidate. The Tupamaros who participate in commando operations must undergo intensive training. They must be in perfect physical shape; smokers are encouraged to cut down, and drinking is forbidden. Part of their preparation includes learning how to handle weapons and explosives, how to escape, how to start a car without a key, and how to sabotage police cars.

The Tupamaros train at bases for the most part located

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outside Montevideo, often at one of the numerous beaches along Uruguay's southeastern coast. Some of these bases also contain hospitals, manned by medical students. In December 1958 a police raid uncovered a base where eight Tupamaros lived in two shacks and a barn which was part hospital, part laboratory for the fabrication of bombs, and part garage. On the premises, the police found twelve weapons (machine guns, rifles, shotguns and pistols), 700 rounds of ammunition, medical instruments, medicines, license plates, a Volkswagen (the Tupamaros' favorite car), a VW hood and seats, guerrilla handbooks, correspondence, fourteen false identity cards, uniforms and a list of police headquarters cars.

In the last three years, the police have uncovered some eleven Tupamaro bases. Several were hide-outs, others were makeshift ammunition factories, and still others provided services. In one of them, a photographer's shop, the raiders found equipment to make ID cards similar to those issued by Uruguay's police. All the machines used in the forgeries and even the paper were legitimate and had been obtained from police headquarters. The type of equipment found in Tupamaro hide-outs has led observers to believe that the movement provided Guevara with the false Uruguayan passport he used on his way to Bolivia.

Only two Tupamaros have been killed since 1965, when the MLN stepped up its activities, but at least twenty men connected with the movement are in jail. Although some are thought to have been tortured, the information obtained by the police has not led to a major crackdown because of the cell organization. No top-ranking Tupamaro has been caught. Sendic, whose capture was ordered after the Nueva Helvecia holdup and who is believed to be one of the top members of the MLN, if not the leader, is still at large. He is thought to have led the Casino San Rafael robbery, having spent at least two months in Punta del Este before the holdup, with his wife and youngest child.

The Tupamaro intelligence service has infiltrated even the police and the current joke in Montevideo is that if you want to find out the exact weather forecast, ask a Tupamaro. Their information on Uruguay's armed forces is voluminous. The police have captured documents which disclose a precise knowledge of Montevideo's garrisons—number of men, identity of officers, schedules, private addresses, logistics, etc. On February 7, 1969, a guerrilla deposited a package containing some sixty pounds of dynamite at the doorstep of the captain who is the Uruguayan army's armament technician. The following letter was attached to the package: "Captain Manzino: This material is in bad shape; since it is dangerous to handle it, we have decided to destroy it. We believe you are best equipped for this task. We are aware of your technical expertise. At any rate, since these boxes were ultimately going to be examined by you, we decided to avoid delays and give them to you. Movimiento de Liberación Nacional (Tupamaros)."

The Tupamaros have not attacked the government frontally, but have sought either to expose its corruption, i.e., the Monty holdup, or force it to display its weakness and respond with irrational repression. On August 7, 1968, a commando kidnapped Dr. Ulises Pereira Reverbel, president of the state-owned Electricity and Telephone Services, a close friend of President Pacheco Areco and one of the ideologues of the hard anti-labor line followed by the government. MLN issued a statement taking full credit for the kidnapping and warning the police not to search for the prisoner. Despite strenuous efforts on the part of Montevideo's police force, Pereira Reverbel was not found until he reappeared five days later, haggard, unshaven but unharmed, in a Land Rover parked near Montevideo's main football stadium. The kidnapping was not done only for publicity, like Fidel Castro's kidnapping of Juan Manuel Fangio, the Argentine racing champion. It sought to create support among the workers who had been subjected to Pereira Reverbel's anti-labor policies. In its efforts to locate him, moreover, the government ordered the search to include the university. The police entered some buildings without a warrant and without requesting permission from the rector. Students opposed the search and violent clashes ensued.

The Tupamaros have achieved the first stages of their strategy without terrorism. They fight with the police only when they are forced. Whenever their raids might hurt civilians, they make a point of protecting them. During a bank holdup, the Tupamaros helped an elderly lady who had fainted. Afterward, even Montevideo's chief of police had to admit "the perfect organization, the good manners of the robbers and their humane behavior." On another occasion, when the Tupamaros blew up the transmission room of Radio Ariel, they first took time to warn the people in a nearby house that they might be hurt by the explosion. Consequently, Uruguayans have not been seriously harmed by the Tupamaro raids, although on occasion passers-by have been wounded. Thus to a certain extent, and without necessarily approving its goals, they admire the MLN's audacity and expertise.

The Tupamaros have shown that urban guerrillas can be organized and survive, that they can use tactics which will not necessarily alienate the population, and that urban *guerrilleros* do not always develop the neuroses that the theoreticians of rural warfare, like Debray, attribute to them. Up to this point, the Tupamaros have relied almost entirely on their own resources, although they may have received aid from Cuba. They are also thought to be in contact with a newly started Brazilian "*foco*" which is using MLN tactics (as, for example, the recent exchange of the kidnapped United States ambassador for a group of political prisoners), and with Tacuara, an Argentine group whose origins are in the extreme Right. Uruguayan authorities failed to rout the Tupamaros when it was easiest to do so; now they may not be able to do it alone. Uruguay may ask either the United States or one of its powerful neighbors, Argentina or Brazil, to help destroy the MLN. Far from showing concern at the possibility of foreign intervention, the Tupamaros say it would benefit them in the long run. "In any case," writes a *New York Times* correspondent, "Uruguay and her Tupamaros seem likely to become a major problem for the United States in Latin America in the immediate future."

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SCIENTOLOGY

TOTAL FREEDOM AND BEYOND

DONOVAN BESS
Mr. Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

This is the year of Apollo 11. It is also the year in which that psychological sophisticate, Richard Alpert, came back from his guru in India to reap a big following of inner-space explorers with his story of spiritual conversion. It is a time of burgeoning meditation societies on the college campuses, and of passionate rebellion against the amorality of our technology.

Thus it is a year promising much to any man who can blend the psychological allurements of these two movements into one product, and such a product is indeed being ardently pushed. It is called Scientology. Serious work on the blend began in 1950 when L. Ron Hubbard, a science-fiction writer with exuberant red hair, set millions of Americans to playing a psychotherapeutic game called dianetics. His book on the subject became a best seller—helped, probably, by the almost panicky chorus of disdain expressed by respectable intellectual luminaries.

The Church of Scientology is a recent extension of dianetics into bizarre spiritual levels, where practitioners report the kinds of ESP experience abundant in the literature of psychedelic drugs. They commonly and casually assert that they *know* they have lived in past human bodies; some even remember how much they weighed. Creation of this church gave Hubbard a lot of new levels to offer his devotees, and at the same time stymied defenders of the public treasury, like the Internal Revenue Service, which so far has not persuaded the courts that Scientology is more of a commercial enterprise than a church.

Scientology offers its novitiates a system of psychological "processing" as specific as any program for learning shorthand or engineering. Each grade has been firmly fixed, in writing, by Hubbard. You go through all of the lower grades face to face with an "auditor," who does his best to keep his face stony and his mind bland so as not to ruffle any of Hubbard's precepts. You and your guide use an "E-Meter," a device that measures electrical resistance in your body; it is supposed to tell the auditor when you have an emotional "withhold" from him. He keeps asking you questions or giving you rote commands until you sweat your way through your memory and expose some traumatic deposit ("engram") which supposedly has blighted your life.

Perhaps it is not surprising that Scientology strongly attracts men and women trained in the tidier scientific disciplines, engineers and computer programmers. One of the top officials in American Scientology is John Michael Smith, a young chemist who resigned as an assistant professor at the California Institute of Technology after getting processed to the highest level so far invented by Hubbard. "I've looked at the physical sciences and I know what knowledge is there," he said. "Scientology deals with the spiritual aspect of the main source of the world we live in. The answers don't come from the physical aspect of man."

The theatricality of Scientology has also brought many entertainment personalities into the movement, including all of several leading rock bands and actor Stephen Boyd —who, like Smith, reached the Scientological peak and observed from there: "I guess that is about six steps above Nirvana." The church has established a Celebrities Center in Los Angeles, to make maximum use of the Hollywood talent among its members.

According to Bob Thomas, top administrator for the church in the United States, the E-Meter is as useful to Scientology auditors as the thermometer is to doctors. The person who is getting processed is called the "preclear," and regarded as a patient who wants to get well. His objective is to become a "Clear"—a man "who has got control over his thoughts, and has gone to the source of his aberrations."

During processing, the preclear hangs on to two tin cans wired to a Wheatstone Bridge in the E-Meter box. The auditor watches the device's circuit board. He pounds away with the Hubbard prefabricated commands or questions, commands like "tell me something you wouldn't mind forgetting." After repeated pokes into the memory with this command, a preclear will produce something painful. John McMaster of South Africa, Hubbard's world-roving spokesman, said an example of an engram is: "A man thinks of the time he wanted to show his penis to somebody but his mother said 'naughty.'"

Until the preclear fights his way back to the engram, the E-Meter needle does all kinds of fancy jiggling. When the auditor sees the needle float free, he feels the preclear has gotten a release from the grade. The preclear, himself, is felt to proclaim his emancipation by the blissful look of freedom on his face.

By hard work, sometimes as much as twelve hours a day, a preclear climbs through the first six grades of release and is entitled then to come to grips with the level in which he may try for Clear.

What interests the Internal Revenue Service about this spiritual escalation is that there is a stiff charge for every grade. Scientologists estimate the cost of getting Clear at $4,000 to $5,000. You can get through the first four grades of processing for a package price of $617.50, if you pay in advance, but the cost rises with the ascent. At the bottom are free lectures and a free "personality test." Then comes a basic communications course for only $15. For many an alienated person hungry for companionship and structure, this course may be worth the money if only because it puts him for hours opposite another person who has agreed to look him straight in

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the eye and to give or take commands rapturously. Some neurotic inhabitants of big cities have never had even this much interchange with other human beings (even in sexual intercourse you can keep your eyes closed).

Many novitiates emerge with high enthusiasm from this preliminary orientation track. Dozens of Scientologists who went on into processing have told me with evident sincerity that they are getting rid of long-standing personal problems. Many report extraordinary healing of ailments ranging from headaches to diabetes. A typical testimonial came from Myron Ruderman, a 32-year-old graduate in physics from Reed College. "I think," he said, "that very shortly psychiatrists will have to learn Scientology and dianetics. There is a way the mind works. The truth is the truth." Pat Price, an ex-mayor of Burbank, Calif., said he came to this church with a 70 per cent hearing loss, but "while undergoing a [Scientology] process my hearing came back to me entirely."

"Clear" used to be the top level of Scientological striving, but Hubbard, employing the creative gifts that made him succeed in science fiction, has invented *six levels above Clear*. Spiritually ambitious folks now have that much more to work for, and that much more time and money to contribute to the church. A dry comment on this expanding theology came from H. Charles Berner, who was a close associate of Hubbard and spent fifteen years in the movement before rebelling at the rigidness of the founder's policies. "Every six months," said Berner, "he comes out with a new something or other."

At the moment, Hubbard is doing "advanced research" on two additional levels he will offer a constituency which, church spokesmen claim, now includes 15 million persons on four continents, 250,000 of them Americans. Jane Kember, Guardian Worldwide (chief administrator) of the church, said last month in a statement issued at the organization's headquarters in England: "Mr. Hubbard is currently engaged in a treatise on the decline and fall of Western civilizations in order to discover the future of Western civilizations in the context of what has gone before. There is possibly no end to a research which seeks to find the ultimate spiritual capability of Mankind."

John McMaster—"the world's first Clear"—recently told reporters that income sent to the church headquarters had stood at only $10,000 a week in January 1968, but rose to $140,000 in the succeeding six months. Scientology's churches and franchises (now called "missions") give 10 per cent of their income to the world headquarters in a thirty-room, baronial mansion near East Grinstead, Sussex. So the weekly gross income of the church presumably now stands at well above $1.4 million. (The church has expanded even faster in the past fourteen months.) The magnitude of the financial flow is reflected in Hubbard's statement a year ago to his top officers that the Scientology organizations owed him $13 million but that he had forgiven the debt. His administrator for the United States, Bob Thomas, said Hubbard had a salary of about $22,000 from 1957 to 1959, but has drawn no salary since then. Thomas said: "The average (Christian) minister's salary is $9,000 to $30,000."

Mrs. Kember's suggestion that there may be "no end" to Hubbard's research leaves the door wide open for the kind of out-of-this-world inventions dear to a science-fiction writer's heart. Already, Hubbard and his associates speak of "the galaxy" as though they have traveled to, or at least know about, the other planets. One disenchanted ex-Scientologist, Woody McPheeters, said that during his years in the movement he got the impression that the church leaders' expansion program includes "the entire galaxy."

Most Scientologists are too busy heading up toward Clear to worry about postgraduate striving. The people who make Clear demonstrate in their lives that they are better than lower-level parishioners at influencing people, winning friends and making money. They apparently are virtually assured of getting a lifelong position in the church hierarchy. Even knowledgeable preclears can claim advantages beyond spiritual growth. Alan Albert, training director for the Palo Alto mission, said that after only a few hours of training to become an auditor he quit a $17,500-a-year job with Philco-Ford—and makes "about the same" salary now. Training is a career opportunity in which you get processed as well as learn how to process others. Currently it costs $1,300 to become a Hubbard Advanced Auditor, but this year Hubbard & Associates are offering newcomers a $500 quickie training course by which you can get on the staff as an auditor in two months. With this training, church spokesmen in San Francisco said, you are eligible to process *anybody*. Your

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income while doing this will run to about $200 a week.

About three years ago Hubbard moved out of the English manor house headquarters, occupied previously by the Maharajah of Jaipur. "He is trying to retire from public life," Mrs. Kember reports. At the moment he is cruising on the *Apollo*, a 5,000-ton ship that once ferried passengers between Scotland and Ireland. This is the flagship of a fleet operated by the church's exclusive Sea Organization. There are at least five other vessels in the fleet, two of them tied up near Los Angeles, Scientology's national headquarters and the site of buildings where you can get processing at the top levels, including the mysterious OTs.

"OT" stands for "Operating Thetan." There are six OT levels above Clear. Clear, according to Arthur Maren, Scientology administrator for the Western states, is "one who has cause over all mental matter, energy, space and time." So what else can a man do?

Soar on to the OTs, of course. An OT, says the Scientology dictionary, is "not in a body." Indeed, every OT I've talked to speaks of himself as a spirit ("Thetan") who not only wafts himself in and out of his contemporary body but gets his mind back into vivid remembrances of bodies past. Maren, who is OT-4, said Hubbard created the new levels "because there's more to life than your own time—I want to be cause over what's happening out there, too."

The style of the OT is exemplified by McMaster who, according to headquarters, "has achieved one of the highest States of Existence in this Universe." One day during processing, he said, "I was looking at the floor through the bottom of my feet." Advanced Scientologists do not question such reports, for they have their own experiences of extrasensory perception. McMaster said he had done so well at Scientological remembering that he picked up details of his experiences in the last womb he was conceived in. "In the womb," he said, "I recall fights between my mother and father." How did he pick that up? "I used to come out and look at them fighting," he recalled. He said he didn't want to "be born in a family of squabbles" but unfortunately got lost somehow, "became a helpless little baby" and got born from that South African womb. "If I hadn't become Clear," he said, "it's very likely I'd have gone into the dwindling spiral of not-knowing."

The spiral he did get into certainly has produced a happy personality. This pink-faced, white-haired, self-styled "pope of Scientology" good-naturedly parries television interviewers who doubt his faith or accuse him of psychosis. On one TV show a Roman Catholic priest complained that Scientologists "don't describe a deity." (Hubbard's name is sacrosanct, but the word God seldom shows up.) McMaster told the priest: "You must admit that for 2,000 years Christianity has failed." He is almost cavalier about his past lives. Here is an exchange on the subject:

Q. Who were you in previous lives?

A. I have been mostly male. In most of the lives I died early.

Q. Which body were you in last?

A. My last body died in New York in 1926.

Q. Who were you?

A. I won't say it, because it's a very well-known name. (*Hesitating, smiling.*) I was an actor.

Q. When did you die the last time?

A. The last time I was about 30.

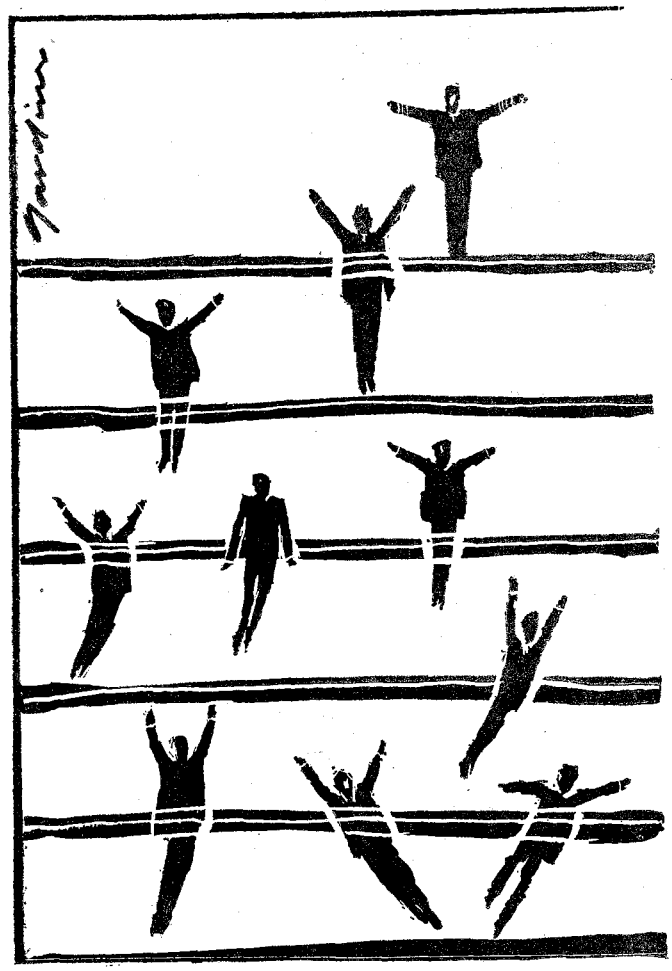
Q. Ah, so you perhaps were Rudolph Valentino? [*Valentino died at age 31 on August 23, 1926.*]

A. (*Smiling enigmatically.*) Rudolph Valentino knew he had lived many times, and announced it.

You don't have to be a blue-ribbon Scientologist to detect such memories in your psyche. Tony Shelton, a 17-year-old beginner reported: "The last time I was in a coal miner's body in Iowa. I was about 6 feet 4 and weighed 240 pounds." This time he's 6 feet tall and weighs only 190.

The atmosphere in Scientology churches is not one you would expect of a religious institution, except for the huge portraits of Hubbard. He gazes out into the room, not looking at you in the least but seeming to be concentrating fiercely on some profound and momentous idea.

The people you meet are very bright-eyed. They tend to say "Hi!" They peer brightly into your face, as though to find out just where you may be on the "road to total freedom." Public relations officials jealously defend top



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officials from making *gaffes*. At the San Francisco church, no media cameraman may take pictures "within the organization," that is, on the premises. At the Los Angeles church, the receptionist will not let you by until you sign in. I got the feeling I had wandered into a building operated by the Defense Department. The Scientologists talk about their philosophy with the same humorless dedication I became familiar with when covering a convention of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Their certainty that they have The Truth may be rooted in the processing, which, defector Scientologists complain, tends to produce automatons. The church leaders take an opposite viewpoint: they think *we* are the automatons, puppets operated by the engrams in our "reactive bank." Ex-scientologists claim the church people operate under an authoritarian structure; Hubbard says the opposite —he says *we* are not democratic, and to get democratic we'll have to get rid of our reactive banks and become Scientologists.

Hubbard, wearing his commodore's uniform as commander of the Sea Organization, sometimes conceives odd concepts as he paces the deck of the *Apollo*, fingering the solid-gold bracelet that carries on it the words, "Operating Thetan."

Early this year, this 58-year-old native of Nebraska sat down at an electric typewriter especially built to keep up with his fast-moving mind, and wrote for his devotees an urgent essay on the need to expand. "Hitler, like Caesar," he wrote, "did not 'consolidate his conquered territory.' It was not possible to do so, not because he did not have troops but because he didn't have a real demand for German technology and social philosophy before conquering. Thus Hitler lost his war and fascist Germany died." Hubbard then added: "Only a Scientology organization has an unlimited horizon. But any organization must expand to survive."

In another essay, on "politics," he concedes that he has spoken "derisively of governments and ideologies—including democracy." He wrote: "Watching the U.S. and Australia fight Scientology with blind fury while supporting oppressive mental and religious practices proves that democracy, applied to and used by aberrated people, is far from an ideal activity and is only aberrated democracy."

Why did England, that bastion of tolerance, last year ban visits to the island by foreigners planning to study at the Sussex headquarters of this church? Kenneth Robinson, then the British health minister, said Scientology's "authoritarian principles and practices are a potential menace to the personality and well-being of those so deluded as to become its followers." An investigation is now under way in London under the direction of Richard Crossman, director of the Department of Health and Social Security.

It is possible that only psychologists could adequately investigate aspects of Scientology that seem to parallel those of totalitarian movements from the medieval Catholic Church to fanatical leftist and rightist organizations of this century. From the beginning, the would-be Scientologist is trained—or perhaps conditioned—to command and be commanded. I have never heard one well-advanced Scientologist utter a word of criticism or implied criticism of the founder.

"Scientology," Hubbard has written, "gives us our first chance to have a real democracy." Does this mean that his church is to make the future definition of what democracy is? And does he feel that people who don't at least try to be Clears can't be good citizens?

There's a clue to his feelings in one imperative of the Scientology Code of Honor: "Never fear to hurt another in a just cause." To explore this, I asked a question of David Ziff, a Columbia anthropology graduate who supervises the top level of auditing at the Advanced Organization of the American Church in Los Angeles. A "just cause," he said, "is expressed in any patriotic statement made by any country." The implication conveyed by such statements is that Scientology's ambitions extend beyond giving people spiritual help. Ziff also was told about criticism of his church by an ex-Scientologist who has set up a rival group. "If he's an ex-Scientologist," Ziff said, "he's an ex-human."

Hubbard's claims for the Sea Organization have a Wagnerian flavor to them. "The Sea Org," he has proclaimed, "is the most valuable and dedicated group of beings on this planet and is the spearhead of a new and greater civilization." Does this not suggest the concept of a Chosen People? Why is Scientology so popular in South Africa?

In recent years, the church has followed a policy of getting members to "disconnect" from those who failed to live up to the standard of the Ethics Department. Such persons were declared "Suppressive Persons" and for months and for years they received letters from former associates and others in the church who informed them coldly: "I hereby disconnect from you." This cold-blooded practice has now been dropped, says Bob Thomas. "We found this was not a very popular solution to the problem."

Worse than leaving the church is "plotting to misuse" the Hubbard manuals employed in upper-level processing. "Any Sea Org member" who becomes aware of such alleged plotters, he proclaimed, "is to use Auditing Process R2-45." In a Scientology handbook he has described this as "an enormously effective process for exteriorization but its use is frowned upon by this society at this time." Exterioration is defined as the separating of the spirit from the body. So what's this all about? Jane Kember explained: "Process R2-45 was coined as a joke—is not authorized, and I am afraid occasionally 'misfires' as a joke when taken literally."

Hubbard used to tag a Ph.D. to his name. When reporters pressed him on his acquisition of the degree, he said he got it from the Sequoia University of California. This institution, now defunct, was headed by Dr. Joseph Hough, a chiropractor who refused to testify before a California assembly subcommittee looking into reports that some colleges in the state sold graduate degrees for profit. Hubbard had some schooling as an engineer. He certainly does not have respect for psychiatrists and

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clinical psychologists. He conducts a holy war on them, but nevertheless wants to win them over. This summer California's psychiatrists and psychologists got letters from the church notifying them it has "a near but unwanted monopoly on results in mental healing." It offered the M.D.s and Ph.D.s a 50 per cent discount on Scientology services, but appended a condition that they must "not mix Scientology with older practices. We have no wish," the letter concluded, "that you should suffer." "I had the feeling," said one psychotherapist, "that I was being threatened."

In a leaflet distributed last spring, Hubbard wrote: "The psychiatrist and his front groups operate straight out of the terrorist text books. The Mafia looks like a convention of Sunday School teachers compared to these terrorist groups." His roving ambassador, John McMaster, wrote that "the idea of mental institutions such as they are now is generated by Communism, but Russia will not allow any of these so-called therapies to be practiced on its own people, only on its supposed enemies." The leaflet attacking psychiatry contained a cartoon depicting that medical specialty as death holding its scythe and walking toward us out of a map of Russia.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration sticks to its accusation against Scientology that it is "peddling auditing services" on the basis of "pseudo-scientific representations." The United States Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia reversed a lower court decision against the church. But in response to an FDA brief for a rehearing, two of the three appeals judges, on April 18, said the government had "improperly framed" its case. The court virtually invited the FDA to seek a new trial and to challenge Scientology's claim to tax-exempt status as a religion.

If the organization should lose its religious status, it would lose the protection of the First Amendment and might be found guilty of "false labeling" under the Food, Drug and Cosmetics Act.

MEAT AND POTATOES

WHY THE POOR PAY MORE

JENNIFER CROSS

Miss Cross has written a consumer book on the food industry, The Jolly Green Giant, *which will be published shortly by Indiana University Press. It developed from earlier articles published in* The Nation.

At a time when shoppers are barely controlling their fury over food prices, up nearly 5 per cent since January, it is disquieting to come upon new evidence that the poor are, directly or indirectly, forced to pay even more for their groceries than the rest of us. The Federal Trade Commission economic report on food chain selling practices in the District of Columbia and San Francisco Bay Area, released in July, is the latest document in an impressive body of evidence. Its findings are ruffling an industry which constantly brags of its efficiency and faith in free competition. They are also an eye opener for shoppers who often do not study prices as carefully as they should, or let their gaze wander as the check-out clerk rings up the purchases.

The report finds that the 25.4 million people with annual incomes of under $3,553 for a family of four spend 40 per cent of their take-home pay on food; the national average is 17 per cent. The poorer you are, of course, the more you must pay proportionately to eat, but adding to the burden is the fact that supermarkets are scarce in low-income districts. Unable to commute to the cheaper, better stocked suburban emporia, the poor are forced to rely on "mom and pop" stores, where prices are 2 to 3 per cent higher, and convenience stores, which may be 8 per cent or more above chain supermarket prices.

Supermarkets that do operate in the ghetto compete less vigorously than elsewhere. Services tend to be more meager, facilities smaller and shabbier, meat and other produce inferior to general chain standards. There are fewer price wars and promotions. (When the $1,000 jackpot prizes for supermarket games are handed out, they are planted among prosperous suburban matrons rather than with their counterparts in the ghetto.)

The degree of sloppiness in pricing and stocking exhibited by *all* food chain outlets is unpardonable, but it is particularly glaring in the low-income outlets. The FTC found that 23 per cent of advertised specials were unavailable in Washington, D.C., and 7 per cent in San Francisco, compared to 11 and 5 per cent in their respective suburbs. On the shelves, 8 to 9 per cent of all advertised items were mispriced (the errors ran as high as 35 per cent), and three times out of four the customer paid *more* than was necessary. Two large chains in the Bay Area (Safeway and Purity) did not change the stamped prices on their specials, leaving the door open for checker error. Also, 5 to 10 per cent of all regular shelf prices failed to tally with the official "book" prices.

This rate of error—far higher than the 0.5 to 3 per cent the industry admits—adds small but annoyingly cumulative sums to *anyone's* food expenditures. It prevents shoppers from taking full advantage of advertised specials, which can save 10 to 20 per cent on the grocery bill. And the poor, who can afford it least, are victimized the most.

It is unlikely that the chains are deliberately gouging their customers. The FTC report denies the accusation made two years ago to the House Government Operations Committee that Safeway and other firms raised prices on the days when welfare checks were cashed, and charged more than elsewhere for certain items in their low-

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income outlets. A large proportion of pricing errors can be attributed simply to poor management. This could explain both why the chains' accuracy ranges from mediocre (Safeway) to downright awful (Lucky), and why regional offices fail to keep track of how well individual store managers perform. A minority of these have a built-in incentive to inflate their sales record, either because they are paid on a commission basis, or because they wish to compensate for pilferage and spoilage, which can be higher in low-income areas.

More commonly, stores become mired in the administration of their own marketing strategies—that constant juggling with prices designed to make them appear competitive without actually being cheap. When hundreds of prices must be changed each week, and staff is limited, mistakes occur, on the shelves and at the check-out.

One immediate solution is for chains already operating in the ghetto (in the suburbs, too) to raise their standards of operation. The FTC suggests tighter management control of prices, and better attention to stocking, including the marking of new prices on all advertised items and, if these items run out, offering customers a comparable alternative.

Ghetto shoppers ought to learn the buying skills which the middle classes practice (in theory). The FTC makes the usual pitch, favored in consumer circles, for "a meaningful consumer education program, both within the school system and through adult education groups." The grocery trade, too, needs educating. A few small or medium-sized operations claim that they can make a reasonable living in the ghetto; their experiences could form the basis for industry training programs, and not be confined merely to features in the food trade press.

However, all the education in the world will not compensate for the lack of low-cost markets. The free enterprise system, which is so eager to serve the prosperous suburbs, whimpers to a halt at the edge of the ghetto. Many chains are reluctant to set up shop there, claiming that their expenses are 2 to 3 per cent higher than elsewhere, that land is expensive and hard to get and storage space inadequate. Insurance can be expensive, the pilferage rate discouragingly high, and ghetto violence—holdups, muggings, tire slashings—makes it hard to keep staff or maintain the morale of workers who stay. With its static or declining population, the inner city market is so tight that new entrants can succeed only at the expense of "mom and pop" or of one another, and the fact that so many chains have pulled out is proof of difficult business conditions. The poor are an unattractive market that food retailers, working on a 1 per cent net profit, do not particularly want.

The long-term remedy, says the FTC, is to improve the balance of competition by inducing more supermarket chains to move into the ghetto, and tangle with one another as well as with "mom and pop." Thus urban renewal agencies should make enough land available to accommodate "two or more competing supermarkets within a convenient shopping radius of most inner city residents." The federal government may also have to dangle a carrot, by guaranteeing loans and possibly underwriting physical losses from riot and insurrection.

Suggestions for giving the poor at least as good a break as the middle class have a fine utopian ring, but they do not make one particularly hopeful for the future. To be effective, consumer education would have to combat the $2.172 billion spent by food manufacturers, mainly to promote brand names—a practice which results in the paying of millions of dollars a year more by the poor for the brands they recognize than it would cost them to buy the cheaper items carrying non-ballyhoo labels.

Pinning much hope on urban renewal is unrealistic at present. Many renewal agencies—at least in the San Francisco area—complain that they have a hard job persuading one supermarket chain to settle, let alone several, and that they have enough problems of their own without tinkering with the balance of business competition. That Congress would provide much help is also doubtful. It allows the U.S. Department of Agriculture to pay farmers more than $3 billion a year to boost their income or to compensate them for *not* growing food, but would it vote even a fraction of that sum to provide the poor with better shopping facilities, given its reluctance to increase federal spending, especially for programs which smack of socialism?

And even if Congress provided the incentives, there is no guarantee that the chains would bite. Wedded quite understandably to the profit motive, they are not yet convinced of the need to operate as a charity, and only the largest of them could afford to maintain marginal stores for reasons of social benevolence. Indeed, should they be asked to subsidize society's failure to provide the poor with an adequate income?

Far out as the FTC's proposals are, however, they should be read by every legislator during the current political season. Congress will soon vote on a number of important measures designed to combat hunger and malnutrition and boost the spending power of the poor. These are principally the Administration's welfare proposals and a number of bills to extend the food stamp program. The FTC's findings support critics' complaints that the proposals most likely to win are laughably inadequate. The Nixon welfare plan would guarantee only $1,600 a year for a family of four; a family of that size needs $1,200 for the USDA's extremely spartan low-cost food plan—though they could get stamps, thanks to liberal pressure on the Administration, which was going to deny stamps to welfare recipients.

Two of the four food stamp bills—the Senate committee bill (S.2547) and the Nixon-May bill (HR 12222)—are not strikingly more liberal than those now in effect. Their fund ceilings are $610-$750 million for fiscal 1970, only double the present pitiable amount, and poor families would still shell out 30 per cent of their income to obtain $1,200 in food. Far better alternatives are the Farbstein (McGovern) bill (HR 10728) or the Foley-Green bill (HR 13423), which would virtually write an open check for funds to provide families with stamps worth up to $1,440, and costing no more than 25 per cent of their income.

It is to be hoped that Congress will err on the side of generosity, knowing that any handout to the poor will not only be devalued by rising prices but will leak away to the friendly neighborhood grocer, struggling to make ends meet at the dark end of the market place.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Nader's Raiders and the Traders

THE NADER REPORT ON THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION. *By Edward F. Cox, Robert C. Fellmeth and John E. Schulz. Richard W. Baron Publishing Co. Distributed by E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $5.95.*

SANFORD WATZMAN
Mr. Watzman is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ralph Nader is becoming a plague on all the houses of power in Washington, so much so that it is now difficult to keep track of him to know where to cheer him on. Latest reports have him not only at the Agriculture Department charging deception in the marketing of hot dogs but also mobilizing some of his "Raiders" for an assault on the invisible tentacles of giant law firms in the capital. With public attention focused for the moment on his current operations, his updated and expanded report on the Federal Trade Commission (drafted by three of his Raiders, law school students who worked with him) comes at an opportune time. Its publication is a reminder that there is much unfinished business at the FTC from the public's point of view. This agency, a slacker and a coward, at times even a traitor—in recent wars waged on behalf of the consumer—has withstood the plague first visited on it with the release of the original Nader report last January. The Lord has turned back to smite again. One hopes that the FTC and those in authority over it, not to mention the people, will take note.

Does this quiet, inoffensive commission deserve such treatment? For years, it has minded its own business, largely content to take care of the needs of the Tennessee courthouse crowd that dominates it—such as Judge Casto C. Geer, for whom an unneeded field office was established at Oak Ridge. In all this time the FTC, unlike some other government agencies, has hardly ever been guilty of power-hunger. It has needed more funds and a larger staff, as Nader shows, to protect the consumer; but it has not especially lobbied for a larger appropriation. It has needed more laws to strengthen its enforcement powers; but it has been too shy and retiring to make a big fuss about it.

If this weak posture has led to an exasperating number of *Jarndyce* vs. *Jarndyce* cases (the fictional lawsuit that Charles Dickens wrote about sustained whole generations of barristers), why, then, it might at least be said that the agency patriotically believes in due process of law—overdue, perhaps, for the consumer but at the same time protecting the inalienable property rights of big business, which should never be vulnerable in a democracy. Is this not an adequate defense of the FTC in the infamous Geritol case? With so many legal technicalities yet to be explored, should the agency finally have insisted that its orders against false advertising claims by Geritol really be obeyed after all these years? Would it really have been fair to the manufacturers, like those of Geritol, if the FTC were to aggressively seek legislation authorizing it to issue restraining orders against evidently misleading advertising while legal issues are adjudicated?

And, since Nader raises the point, who can criticize the FTC for its time-honored policy of demanding "voluntary" compliance? Should an agency begin throwing its weight around just because some "volunteers" are setting a bad example? Does that change the principle involved, or give cause for a diminution of good will at the agency? And since when (just because of the urban riots?) does the FTC have any special obligation to concentrate on exploitation of consumers in the ghetto when, as everyone knows, the most loyal and steady patrons of the agency all these years have been those trade interests that are offended because the Kirschner Brush Co. of New York has been advertising a " 'Pure Chinese Bristle' not made entirely of hog bristle imported from China"? Stop Kirschner! That's the kind of proceeding that ought to be the preoccupation of the agency's limited staff! What did the ghetto ever do for the FTC?

The question whether the agency deserves such a plague by Nader and his Raiders is easily answered by this observer. It deserves worse. It should be legislated out of existence, and the fact that Nader does not consider this idea, seeking rather to reform and retain the agency, is perhaps the only serious shortcoming of this book. The indictment on which a case can be made for abolishing the FTC altogether is convincingly spelled out, count by count, in this study. Only the sentencing is lacking. But when one contemplates the fact that the FTC has had such a bad record for so many years, is it entitled to probation? Is rehabilitation possible?

No. By its very nature the FTC, as Nader proves, is unreachable and cannot be expected to respond to those most in need of its services, namely, the people. Since the commission members are not elected, they have no popular constituency. The public has no awareness of who these commissioners are, or even of the commission itself, so there is no particular reason for the agency to have any fear of the people. It has two other constituencies it must satisfy first. One is the President, who has appointive powers and budget-making authority, plus ordinary political clout coupled with his own associations in the business community.

The second constituency which the FTC must honor is Congress. Members of the House and Senate control the agency's appropriation, not to mention its basic operating authority, which is another way of saying that the lawmakers ultimately have quite a bit to say about whose job is safe at FTC and about what the persons in those jobs ought to be doing. Too often, as Nader and everyone else in Washington knows, FTC personnel are kept busy running errands for Congressmen—checking on and adjusting the complaints of businessmen with Congressional connections.

This is the order of priorities at the FTC. When let alone, it is possible for the agency to accomplish something meaningful—for example, its publication of tar and nicotine ratings of cigarettes. Yet, to the extent that the agency truly does act independently of the White House and Capitol Hill, as the law intends it to do, it is apt, because of its special relationship with industries it is supposed to regulate, to draw up an agenda which is blind to the needs of the times. Hence the campaign against Kirschner rather than a serious investigation of ghetto problems. What it all adds up to is confusion. Who is really responsible for the FTC's sorry record on automobile warranties? The FTC? The President? The Congress? The newspapers? Perhaps Ralph Nader, because he has been neglecting the FTC lately while worrying about the chicken content of hot dogs?

Abolition of the FTC would be a step toward pinpointing responsibility. After all, the consumer problem as a

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whole is bigger than just the FTC itself. It could be that the creation of a Department of Consumer Affairs in the Executive branch, as advocated by Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal and others, might center the responsibility on the President, who is reachable at least once every four years. This would seem to be in keeping with the trend of recent years. Both Presidents Nixon and Johnson acknowledged responsibility for consumers' interests by appointing a "coordinator" for such affairs at the White House level. These coordinators have enjoyed great prestige and a great press. All they have lacked is authority.

Get Well Soon

SICK FRIENDS. *By Ivan Gold. E. P. Dutton & Co. 372 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
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A very deceptive, subtle novel. It seems to be a verbal eruption of one man's innards and privates, unchecked dross and *drek* up to here. There's this writer, see, Jason Sams, who has this big advance for his second work of fiction but who doesn't do much writing; and this girl, Christa Sarkissian, who comes and goes, with him and without him, for him and against him, fore and aft. Of course, there've been stacks of chicks before her—resulting in at least one case of venereal disease and much anguish for him—and many men before him—resulting in at least two abortions and many diaries for her. We hear about all of them. In detail. Then there are the more literal "friends" of the title about whom we get great gobs of unassimilated poop. Dave Denby from Arizona who sent Christa to Jason in New York and, you can just bet, has his own problems, detailed again. Paul Pisacano—"an architect, man-of-property, part-time painter, lover of ladies, noisy sage"—who might or might not also be making it with Christa. Much speculation. Dino Gardella, the central character of the novel, *Gino Travels*, which Jason is not writing. A pair of twins who trigger much gas on duality and duplicity. The therapist, the next-door snoop, hostile black cabbies, aunt somebody Jason liked for once putting his Dr. Dentons on upside down.

It all seems just as true to life as any unhinged, over-the-edge confession could be. It's all here, not a jot left unjotted. We know where he gets his raincoats (Korvette's) and his plastic delft dishes ("Triple S Blue Stamps; housewarming gift from my mother"), how he seduces girls (from chair to floor to couch), and what he does when he gets them there (Vaseline, bowling-ball grips). All the blues that are fit to print. Reading this novel is a cleansing experience, like an enema or a three-day grippe. Still, despite this achievement, we might miss elements present in other confessional novels: the obvious significance beneath and beyond cited experiences in *Herzog*, the high comedy of *Portnoy's Complaint*.

But if this is all we got from *Sick Friends* we would be understanding Ivan Gold too quickly. For, while Bellow and Roth do things Gold cannot, Gold does something in his novel that neither of them attempts—he refuses to fictionalize experience into a literary construct, or sacrifice life to wit, as they did; but, rather, stays in the midst of life as it is really lived and presses there for its significance—and he succeeds in his way as they did in theirs. The art of *Sick Friends* is in seeming to lack art.

In letting Jason Sams tell all about himself, Ivan Gold has told us more than Jason can really know, how he *moved through* events he had set up to turn in on himself, how he seized his day, how he *made* his life come to a head and pop, like a man lifting his mud-stuck Volkswagen bodily back onto the road. For Jason Sams is a marvelously flawed, fuming, funny character, one of the unstraightest guys around. "I sit on a manhole cover, a fumey personality which may yet put me into orbit." His furious energy, his glibness, his independence, pomposity and honesty are caught by Gold in an edgy, angular style, as, for example, where Jason notes —apropos of what?—his indifference to the "Jewish question":

> Doubtless the loss is mine: clues to my physiognomy and soul lie in there somewhere, back in some *shtetl* or some oven, and some day I will look into it further, for just such private reasons, but my opinion at the moment was, Jew me no Jews, six million me no six million.

When he applies these mutually repelling forces to his own life Jason goes far in tearing it apart. He isn't really making it with chicks, he suspects, because he isn't getting anywhere with his novel; but, on the other hand, he isn't writing because he isn't living. Turning and turning in the widening gyre. With Christa he wants to get untracked, make it or break it, love it or leave it.

When Christa comes into his life, he doesn't know all this. She's just another girl to put the arm on in his spider-web garden apartment. He rates her B- but gives her a Maileresque ride caught in rhetoric so right that one suspects (hopes for, really) parody: "When she finally went shuddering past her ending I turned off the talent and came galloping after." But she soon begins to intrigue him, get under his skin in ways he can't quite pin down in words: "she gave off heat, she took up space in a totally splendid way."

Gold makes it clear to us, however, that what really catches Jason's eye is Christa's own art-life hang-up. For they are twins of a sort; Christa is a projection of Jason's problems. He secretly reads in her letters, which she unmistakenly leaves behind during one of her trips, about the way she has banged around. Then, another time when she is off again, he gets the real thing: her European diary. Momentarily Jason is happy, "as moved as I have been by any book or soul in several years." Literature and life converge:

> This much her diary taught, or reaffirmed: she was the author and the heroine of her days, her life was work-in-progress, she could hardly wait to architect a new affair or new disaster, to get that part over with so she could write it down, and if she was not, in this, so different from the rest of us, in or out of these pages, she was unique for me in that she'd finally drawn me in, however I might bitch and sulk and beg a larger role; somewhere I had *consented* to be a bit player in her life.

She represents, then, to Jason, a refracted image of himself—he who tried to put his faintly disguised life into his novel—and a world of gratifying complexity which could absorb him so completely he would be protected from having to deal with his own writing. He reads her diary entries about him, takes notes in *his* journal which *she* finds and reads. Turning and turning. Finally Jason can't stand it. Everything that ever happened to him seems to happen again, like a drowning man. Girls who had shut him off and put him down on the Cape in the fifties and London in the sixties squeeze their way briefly back into his life, just long enough to shut him off and put him down again. Jason tells his analyst: "Isn't it a gas, Frank, how one's tiny life pursues and catches up, whatever evasive action one takes, however one struggles to get well?"

Of course, this is just what Christa digs, even cuts out at times, we suspect, so she can get mail from the guy she left and make of her trip bigger and better diary entries. But Jason's been there before, and back; he's sick of se-

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cret journal reading, life as a Durrell novel. He wants in or out, tells Christa, "I love you and want to marry you, I'll say it again. Look, I'll buy us combination locks. Our lives are not lived on the page." He cannot get her out of her literature into his life, though he follows her West, pleads, belts her, cries. But that's all right, painful but true. Losing, he really wins. Jason has pushed his life off dead center, lifted himself out of his rut, grown to the point of preparing himself to recapture life in art, to serve as the writer-narrator of *Sick Friends*.

And that art is no small thing. *Herzog* is so cosmic in "significance" that you find it hard to believe that anyone like Moses Herzog could exist outside books. And *Portnoy* is populated with such caricatures that it seems as artificial and contrived as a brilliant burlesque routine. The novelist performing his tricky craft is front and center in both books. But Gold takes life as it is, creates a central character who is in the middle of things, and looks for significance and humor in *that*.

There is no doubt, either, that Gold knows just what he is doing, for he includes a kind of internal aesthetic justification for his seeming artlessness. Christa is given to reading fabulists like Genet and Grass. Not Jason: "Perhaps one day in a less hectic moment I'll manage to generate some interest in jailed homicidal faggots, or hunchback musical midgets, but not then, not now." Reality is interesting enough, forget fantasy. Of course, reality is not so easily ordered as fantasy: "To dangle these real-life involvements is artless, to try and knit them up may be absurd." Thus the irrelevant data, the unassimilated poop. That's just the way things are. Fiction me no fictions. As Jason says, the novel, based upon life, "is the highest form, since it *demands* solo response and intensity. No filters, no scrims."

The novel, if it is truly written and true to life, can get beneath the anarchy of our lives, can contain pattern and purpose. Within the pages of *Sick Friends* Jason Sams cures himself, gets caught in life's sensual music and comes out the other side to sing of that life in a novel. In *Sick Friends*—even more than in his brilliant collection of stories, *Nickel Miseries*—Ivan Gold has beautifully and artfully suited his method to his ends, his passion to his purpose.

Global Gamesmanship

THE BOMB AND THE COMPUTER. *By Andrew Wilson. Delacorte Press. 218 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

Mr. Claiborne is a writer and editor specializing in the sciences and their interaction with society. His most recent book, Climate, Man and History, *will be published next year by W. W. Norton.*

There exists a source of bias to which even the most scrupulous journalists are subject: the symbiosis between reporter and reported. Precinct captain and police reporter, scientist and science writer, brass hat and Pentagon correspondent—each is dependent on the other, the one for favorable (or at least not grossly unfavorable) publicity, the other for the authoritative, inside information that is the reporter's stock in trade. And along with the professional game of backscratching goes the human game of sociability. Covering a particular beat for months or years, chatting, lunching or drinking daily with his subjects, the journalist unconsciously absorbs their assumptions about their world. Thus even while he continues to report their statements accurately, he ceases to ask embarrassing questions. Or even think them.

It is this enmeshment in journalistic gamesmanship, I think, that accounts for most of the inadequacies of Andrew Wilson's troubled and troubling book about war games—the elaborate and today often computerized techniques with which soldiers and statesmen simulate political and military conflicts in the hope of improving their strategies for winning them. Wilson is an honest man and (I wish this didn't sound so patronizing) a man of good will. He gives us many interesting and some significant facts about war games; he reports the bad opinions with the good.

But he is also defense and aviation correspondent of *The Observer*, with "special access to Pentagon and other sources of information"—and there's the rub. In that position, one may question one's special sources—but not too aggressively. One may criticize them—but with apologies. And one may not even consider the possibility that these friendly, intelligent, cooperative fellows are in fact engaged in a monstrous game of deception, of themselves and of the public that pays their salaries—a game at times possessing overtones of criminal lunacy.

War gaming, like many other aspects of military pseudo-science, dates from the 18th century. Today, like so many other defense-related activities, it has become big business. Wilson estimates that some 15,000 to 30,000 American "officers and scientists" are engaged in it, which would seem to imply an annual tab approaching half a billion dollars. And what are we getting for our money?

Significantly, Wilson never asks this question directly, but a careful reading of his book makes clear that the answer is approximately sweet damn all. Precision is difficult because of his habit of muddling together war gaming and operational research, two related but by no means identical phenomena. But so far as his information goes, war games as such do not appear to have made a single significant contribution to American decision making—and have been at least a factor in several historic bum guesses.

Wilson himself, in fact, is unwilling to say much more than that "a well-run game could encourage policy makers to think more flexibly if it examined the whole basis of an existing policy and not just a variety of tactical alternatives for seeking the same end." What he does not say, but what his book makes clear to the critical reader, is that there is no such thing as a well-run game.

Sometimes the mishandling is gross and obvious, as when Admiral Ugaki, supervising the trial gaming of the Midway invasion in 1942, arbitrarily cut the simulated American hits on the Japanese carriers from nine to three, thereby turning a paper defeat into a paper victory. (In the event, the Americans got their nine hits, almost wiped out the Japanese carrier force, and ended any Japanese chance of winning the war.)

American officers and officials, of course, never engage in this sort of blatant self-deception. Or hardly ever. But they are still up against two fundamental fallacies of any war game.

The first of these was summed up unwittingly by Spencer Wilkinson, the 19th-century promoter of war gaming in Great Britain. "The only difference from actual war," he wrote, "is the absence of danger, of fatigue, of responsibility, and of the friction involved in maintaining discipline." War games, that is, take account of every factor but people.

The rules of any game must encompass a host of quantitative assumptions; this was true even in Wilkinson's day and is *a fortiori* true of today's computerized exercises. Some of these concern the effects of weapons: a bombardment by x guns for y hours over an area of z square miles will produce w casualties. Even this sort of equation has its pitfalls; as Wilson points out, its relevance depends chiefly on the amount of

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actual experience with the weapon in question under the given conditions. But the big leap into the unknown comes when similar equations are drawn up encompassing human behavior: a unit suffering *w* casualties will disintegrate or retreat. Maybe it will—but sometimes the enemy has not read the rules and keeps on fighting.

In this area, to be fair, Wilson is almost as critical as one could wish, possibly because he already has plenty of experts on his side (including both Curtis LeMay and Hyman Rickover). He repeatedly emphasizes that war games attempt to "quantify the unquantifiable"—and that this basic weakness too easily leads war gamers to downgrade or ignore factors that cannot easily be reduced to numerical terms. Yet even here one finds a curious reluctance to get down to cases, to ask the really tough questions. Thus in several places the author cites air war as "involving a high proportion of quantifiable factors"—and therefore particularly suited to computer simulation.

What, then, of the 1965 Air Force prediction that bombing North Vietnam would end the war in six weeks? (This was *not* just propaganda; as Stewart Alsop has recently noted, the air generals believed it utterly.) Was this prediction based on Pentagon computer games—and if so, what was wrong with the equations? Or did the Air Force brass, to whom Victory Through Airpower has been an article of faith since Billy Mitchell, simply pull a Ugaki and junk the computer print-outs? Either way, the answers (or the silence) of Wilson's special Pentagon sources would have been instructive—but alas, he never queried them on this subject.

Vietnam is, indeed, the acid test of war gaming; it has, as Wilson notes, been "the fullest gamed, fullest analyzed, and most extensively 'planned' war in history. It may not have been *literally* planned by computer. . . . But all the neat concepts of the computer gamers are directly interchangeable with those taught at U.S. Army and Special Forces schools." Well, what were those concepts which have landed us in a quagmire? Wilson gives us only one: in all the Air Force tactical games, apparently no one ever suggested the possibility that aircraft could be lost by accident, or by enemy ground action. Yet these two causes are admitted to have accounted for 40 per cent of our plane losses in Vietnam!

After this appetizer, however, the table is cleared and Wilson embarks on an after-dinner speech of unexceptionable but unsatisfying generalities. To get a taste of the omitted courses, one must turn back several chapters and fork through the computer flow sheets of a game called AGILE-COIN, the COIN standing for COunter-INsurgency. (I refrain from pointing out its significance for the private research group hired to create the game.)

Work on COIN began in 1964, "when planners began to suspect that the Vietnam war was not responding to their predictions." (One wonders what games they had been playing up to that point, but as usual Wilson doesn't tell.) The object of the game for the belligerents was to win the "loyalty" of a certain proportion of "villagers." (For the villagers, the aim was defined, not without some irony, as surviving the game.)

Since it is quite impossible to define "loyalty" in any terms that a computer can absorb, the COIN gamesters simply ducked the question. Each village was initially given an arbitrary, numerical "loyalty rating" which particular actions of the belligerents could alter according to various equally arbitrary equations. More important, however, the flow sheets embodied many assumptions about both the villagers and the belligerents.

Hence at one point the question is asked, "What does this village perceive as its major problem?" Only three answers are possible: "Wants [conscripted] men returned," "Wants ambush removed," and "Wants protection." No circuits are available for "Wants land," "Wants honest officials" or "Wants independence." The options are equally sparse when the computer reaches the question, "What actions can this belligerent take to change village loyalty?" "Terrorize," "Bribe" and "Communicate," which I take to mean "Propagandize." No belligerent can "Distribute land" or "Shoot crooked police chief" or "Build school." If the situation seems to call for installing a government administrator in the village, the flow sheet asks only whether one is available—not how much he can pay for the job, or how much graft he will extract from the village. Like Wilson, the COIN minters didn't ask the right questions—and got the wrong answers.

All war games beyond the simplest tactical exercises are based on "scenarios"—which at times have even less reality than the Hollywood variety. One game, indeed, *began* by assuming that America has "surgically removed" China's nuclear capacity *and set up a pro-American Government in Peking.* Just like that.

Thus the war gamers, even could they quantify the unquantifiable, would remain prisoners of their own politico-military assumptions. Blue (our side) is the Good Guys; Red (their side) is the Baddies. Revolutionaries who by definition can only Bribe, Terrorize or Propagandize are not revolutionaries but International Communist Conspirators—people with whom no villager would involve himself except under duress. And anyone who questions these basic rules of the game will not be allowed to play; Wilson tells us that "all participants, inside or outside government, must have a high security grading."

Pentagons, State Departments and Kremlins do not *want* games that examine "the whole basis of an existing policy"; what they are willing to pay for is precisely "tactical alternatives" for pursuing their own elitist games. By the same token, a writer who sticks to the conventional rules of the journalistic game will produce a critique which, despite its evident and sincere concern over the dangers of war gamesmanship, remains blurred and superficial.

War gaming survives, despite its clear fatuity, in part because (like other branches of war industry) it is profitable. But an even more potent survival factor is its place in—indeed, almost at the summit of—technocratic decision making. As such, it serves, along with such bureaucratic devices as psychological testing and motivational research, as insurance for the bureaucrat. Surrounded with enough tendentious mathematics, the stupidest decision becomes merely a regrettable but unavoidable error. Even more important, war games and comparable simulations can give a gloss of objective rationality to the technocrats'

CRAYOLA

It was just a child's
crayon drawing,
but perfect somehow:
broad blue prairies
soaking in mist,
a lightning tree
still supporting
a rope swing,
and in the foreground
a bushy dog
asleep on a hill
of sycamore leaves.
And where am I
in your picture?
I asked her,
kneeling down
to kiss a fat cheek.
Oh, gone to Cincinnati,
she sighed,
dreaming of me
lost in a brick town
with too many weeds
and fences.

DAVE ETTER

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crackpot realism; "I was only following orders" gives way to "I was only following the printout."

The ultimate weakness of war games and similar bureaucratic techniques was summed up a century ago by George Eliot in a passage on chess, itself a prototypal war game. In George Eliot's imaginary game, "all the chessmen had passions and intellects, more or less small and cunning. . . . Your Knight could shuffle himself on to a new square on the sly . . . your Pawns, hating you because they are Pawns, could make away from the appointed posts. . . . You might be the longest headed of deductive reasoners and yet you might be beaten by your own Pawns. You would be especially likely to be beaten, if you depended arrogantly on your mathematical imagination, and regarded your passionate pieces with contempt."

Testament of a Myth-Shrinker

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS 1947-1969. *By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press. 320 pp. $6.50.*

RUTH M. VANDE KIEFT

Miss Vande Kieft teaches English at Queens College. She is currently working on a book on literary criticism of the Bible.

Edmund Wilson once confessed that "there are few things I enjoy so much as talking to people about books which I have read but they haven't, and making them wish they had—preferably a book that is hard to get or in a language that they do not know." The Dead Sea Scrolls would seem to fit this prescription admirably, though here Wilson assumes the dual position of both the uninitiated, curious listener and the savant who expounds. He explains his position in this field as being "rather like that of Hemingway in relation to bullfighting—also an occupation which requires thorough training, strict self-discipline, and a willingness to take certain risks." Wilson is the "attentive and enthusiastic onlooker who has learned in the course of time to know something of the matadors and their managers"—the individual scholars and the schools they represent. These he has mediated to the general reader. The present volume includes the text of his 1955 book on the Scrolls, and the results of a return visit to these places, persons and materials, conducted for *The New Yorker* (and there first serialized, as was the original volume)—a visit which took place literally on the eve of the spring 1967 Israeli-Arab conflict, and figuratively during the intervening years (1955-69) of further developments on the Dead Sea Scrolls front.

Apparently, hostilities have not ceased. The new material begins with a chapter on "Polemics" and ends with an appendix Wilson finds exemplary of Biblical controversy; polemics sound like distant gunfire throughout the entire volume. But this is not, fortunately, the whole of it. Wilson surveys a wide variety of human interests, since any broadly inclusive account of the Scrolls involves the fields of archaeology, paleography, philology, Biblical criticism, theology, and politics—territorial, racial, religious. He recounts fascinatingly how, where, by whom and in what political and religious contexts the Scrolls were found and unrolled, and how they have been interpreted—a continuing history. He renders vividly the scenes of the barren Judean desert, the glories, heats and colors of Jerusalem, and he introduces some of the chief personages in the battle of the Scrolls.

The Scroll texts are both Biblical and sectarian (i.e., products of the Qumran community); in Cave Four alone were found fragments of some 382 manuscripts. All of the canonical books of the Hebrew Scriptures, with the exception of Esther, are represented, though only one, Isaiah, is complete, and the textual problems involved in comparisons with the Masoretic and other texts are complicated in the extreme. Among documents which have been made public since 1955 are the "Genesis Apocryphon" (an Aramaic version of Genesis found in Cave One); a group of Psalms; a "pesher" (prophecy interpreted in the light of present events) on the book of Nahum; a pair of copper Scrolls which contain mysterious directions for the discovery of a hidden treasure; a "Temple Scroll" with plans for building the temple. Illustrative of Wilson's report on scholarly developments is his summary of Dupont-Sommer's "masterly reconstructions" of historical persons, dates and events, "on the basis of scrappy and scattered evidence" to be found in the Nahum Pesher; his chapter on the Testimonia (an anthology of prophetic quotations); and on the Epistle to the Hebrews, thought by some scholars to have been written either to members of the Qumran community, or at least by one who knew their literature. If the arguments seem intricate and formidable to the layman, even as summarized and simplified by Wilson, they are relieved by his eye for oddities in the texts; his appreciative accounts of the heroism of the Masada Zealots, and the new Israel National Museum; and his impressions of old and new friends, mostly scholars of the Hebrew University and the Ecole Biblique, all forceful personalities.

A characteristic fairness and candor is seen in Wilson's frequent allusions to his status as "layman," "observer" or "journalist"; his careful evaluation of conflicting opinions and his considerable attempts to present both sides of most controversial points; his free use of such qualifying phrases as "I gather," "one feels," "one cannot but ask oneself whether"—a tendency visible in one of his own most controversial summations about the Essene monastery, that it "is, perhaps, more than Bethlehem or Nazareth, the cradle of Christianity." Wilson would seem here to have entered the ring as bullfighter, the remark itself resembling the red flag waved to further incite the stupid and prejudiced among clerics, Biblical scholars, and other believers who are made to seem like bulls in mindless, snorting fury, though unlike bulls in animal (or human) nobility. With that qualifying "perhaps" Wilson technically keeps his seat as "attentive and enthusiastic onlooker"; but again and again the reader is struck, almost as much in

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this volume as in the earlier, by a sense that Wilson has leaped into the arena, being as combative by nature as any contestant present, his own nostrils set aquiver by any controversy ranging from the broadest issues of culture (history, politics, religion, language and letters) right down to the minutiae, even the trivia, of scholarship.

How does Wilson fight? Honestly and openly, under no falsely assumed credentials; respectfully, in the presence of genuine intelligence and commitment; formidably, because of the accumulated authority of his life's work and stance; and all but indefatigably. But not without blinders, a stubborn defensiveness of his own or other favored positions, occasional pettiness. His response to the reviews of his 1955 volume on the Scrolls is a case in point. He found that serious nonclerical reviewers, "with the exception of . . . superior professional scholars such as Arnold Toynbee and W. F. Albright," had misrepresented what he said. "My clerical opponents knew well how easy it was in this field to lead the layman astray. The devices to which they resorted sometimes took the line of declaring that it was much too early to come to conclusions, by which was meant, to form any hypotheses, or that the really sound Biblical scholars were dismissing the flights of the superficial or, as they are often called, 'sensational,' ones—the assumption being, of course, that the reviewer was quite competent to pronounce as to which scholars were sound and which were superficial. . . ."

Reading such a defense, one is baffled and dismayed at its lack of justice, lucidity and self-awareness. The charge against the nonclerical reviewers fails to recognize how difficult it is to summarize Wilson's several representations, each with its own qualifications, of the complex scholarly hypotheses he chose to include in his volume, presumably, because of their authors' lively imagination, unfettered by religious dogma. Such leaps to conclusions inevitably produce returns in kind. Which leads to Wilson's charge against his clerical opponents, who "know well how easy it is in this field to lead the layman astray." Wilson calls himself a layman, as are, in the main, his readers; how or why has he not himself been "led astray" by the imaginative nonclerical scholars; or how was he, as exponent of their hypotheses, to guarantee that he would not, in turn, have led astray his layman readers, religious or nonreligious? As for the "device" of declaring that it was too early (before 1955) to come to conclusions —here, if anywhere, one feels the affront of unjust accusation against scholarly integrity, both in Wilson's failure to recognize how much was already being done, and in the right, sometimes the duty, of the scholar to proceed slowly in a field so ancient and so ravaged by conflict. Biblical scholarship, often cautious and patient, has been nurtured quietly, during these two decades of the Scrolls' unrolling, by the movement Wilson nowhere acknowledges—that of ecumenism: the growth of understanding among men of differing and historically opposed faiths. And when it comes to the device of summoning names, Wilson here uses it with his references to Albright and Toynbee: why should his reviewers be denied the same privilege?

Wilson further accuses the critical clerics of asserting that "the falsity of certain conjectures had already long ago been proved." The instance, described at length, is that of an Anglican churchman's appeal to a treatise on the Essenes by a 19th-century scholar, J.B. Lightfoot, who purportedly demonstrated, long before the Scrolls' discovery, that Jesus "was not and had never been an Essene." To ignore the fresh evidence provided by the Scrolls is indeed foolish. If that was the main thrust of the argument, why does Wilson trouble himself, and his readers, with it, when far more worthy scrutiny of his book has been made since 1955?

Or why does he add the appendix to this latest volume—an exchange of testy letters, published in 1956 in the London *Listener*, between Wilson and an anonymous reviewer of Millar Burrows' book on the Scrolls? The reason Wilson provides is that the exchange is "an example of the kind of controversy that goes on in this Biblical field." Indeed, such controversy is not limited to that field; it occurs, for example, in exchanges between Wilson and Nabokov on translation from Russian, or Wilson and the Modern Language Association on scholarly editions of American Literature. "Note the lofty tone of the reviewer, who never really gets so far as to substantiate all his points—as well as my eagerness to harass one of these pretentious scholars." We do note these things—and also that Wilson has the last word (in a letter here printed for the first time, since the *Listener* never published it). And we draw our own conclusions as to the kind of controversy it exemplifies.

More enlightening than Wilson's account of polemics is his final chapter of "General Reflections." "What is the fascination that is exercised by this much-damaged Dead Sea library," which ought to seem as unpromising and irrelevant to a modern man as the Dead Sea is hostile to any form of life? His answer to the question comes obliquely, in the form of Wilson's shared scrutiny of his own point of view in writing on the Scrolls. "I have discovered that I am by temperament, by congenital cast of mind, a born shrinker of myths." He finds the same tendency in his books on Marxist socialism and the Civil War: "I had to some extent undermined the idealistic pretensions of both. In my writings on the Dead Sea Scrolls, I have performed a somewhat similar function for the myth of the origins of Christianity—though I was not, of course, the first in this field." What follows is, in effect, Wilson's testament of nonfaith. He is aware of the meaning of religious experience to some few exceptional people, and moved by passages of authentic Christian vision—in Dante's final illumination and the last poem of Doctor Zhivago; but he is contemptuous of human credulity in accepting such "charismatic leaders" as the fraudulent Joseph Smith (the rise of Mormonism is discussed at length, and scathingly), and exalting as political saviors such tyrants as Stalin and Hitler. The "obtuseness and brutality" of a Herod, or a Stalin, seem to produce a "counter-tendency toward harmony, forbearance, and peace" in the form of a Jesus Christ, a Pasternak or a Svetlana Alliluyeva; but once again the polarity asserts itself. Communism is now identified with despotic government, and Christianity with "fanatic persecutions and internecine wars."

The effect of this sweeping survey is indeed reductive. But one wonders, uneasily, of what—of the myths, or the scope of a certain kind of human mind? It is no wonder that Wilson sounds, in the end, rather weary and discouraged; the myths, and the inciting idealism of the men and movements which lie behind some of them being so much larger than even the most capacious mind of a born myth-shrinker.

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Enlightened Imperialism

THE UNREVOLUTIONARY SOCIETY: The Power of Latin American Conservatism in a Changing World. *By John Mander. Alfred A. Knopf. 352 pp. $6.95.*

M. MALDONADO-DENIS

Mr. Maldonado-Denis is associate professor of political science at the University of Puerto Rico (Rio Piedras). His book Puerto Rico: una interpretación histórico-social *has just been published by Editorial Siglo XXI (Mexico).*

Mr. Mander tells us in his Introduction that he is out to grasp the "individuality" of Latin America. His book purports to be a "Latin Primer, a groundling's grammar. But also an aperitif, an opener for the mind." After reading his Primer, one is tempted to send Mr. Mander back to grammar school. His book can hardly be considered an "introduction" to the countries he has chosen to write about (Mexico, Venezuela, Guatemala, Brazil, Argentina, Peru, Panama, Colombia, Chile), and his approach to the subject of Latin America as a whole reveals the deeply felt prejudices and misconceptions which seem to be the lot of the Anglo-Saxon liberal in his encounter with the continent south of the Rio Grande. *The Unrevolutionary Society* illustrates what Noam Chomsky has called "the perils of liberal scholarship."

Beneath the thin veneer of the Anglo-Saxon liberal it is easy to detect the imperialist mentality:

> Puerto Rico has become something of a showcase for what elightened [*sic*] Imperialism can do.
>
> By 1850, Mexico had lost half her territory to a forward-thrusting United States, *thanks to her own misgovernment, corruption and incompetence.*
>
> Nevertheless, a great deal has been done [with respect to Panama]; *we have only to imagine what health, hygiene and standard of living would be like without the gringo presence.*
>
> The Americans are not more insolent than the British were in similar circumstances. . . . *Part of the truth, ironically, may be that the Americans have not been imperialist enough.*
>
> The United States is an elephant. The elephant is by nature a peaceable, vegetarian beast. But even an elephant imbued with the ideals of Albert Schweitzer cannot lie down in the jungle without crushing a number of lesser beasts. *The trouble with America is not that she is very strong; but she does not yet know her strength, and what to do with it.*
>
> *What is extraordinary about America's post-war policy, I believe, is her restraint in the use of power* (Vietnam excepted).
>
> The superiority of the immigrant [in Latin America] is still apparent, and very significant. For it points to a real weakness in Latin America, a weakness none the less real for being taboo to some of her self-appointed champions: *I mean the inferior quality of her spiritual and intellectual life.* [*All italics mine.*]

The passages I have just quoted are not taken out of context. They are the gist of Mander's interpretation of Latin America. To assert that the United States has used its power "with restraint" in Latin America after the Bay of Pigs, Santo Domingo and Bolivia; to argue that the United States is "not imperialist enough" and that it should act through the power of its "example" (what example, Mr. Mander?); and to blame all the ills of Latin America upon some cultural traits that doom it to continue under the present state of underdevelopment —this is an affront to all those who have struggled throughout the history of Latin America for a juster and more humane society.

The author contends that Latin America is an "unrevolutionary society." I was originally impressed by the title as well as by the subtitle: *The Power of Latin American Conservatism in a Changing World.* But upon reading the book I found much to my amazement that Latin American society is a conservative society not because of the alliance among the landed interests, the urban oligarchy and American interests but because of the existence of a large *mestizo* class which is really intent upon "keeping up with the Joneses." This category is defined by the author in purely racial terms, not in terms of class. In what must be considered a sociological *non sequitur* he states: "Nobody would claim that Latin America has inherited a just social order: few societies are more flagrantly self seeking. But there is no contradiction between the continuing power of the oligarchs and a generous degree of social mobility. It is this degree of social mobility that helps to make Latin America so conservative a continent." To assert that Latin America enjoys "a generous degree of social mobility" flies in the face of all sociological

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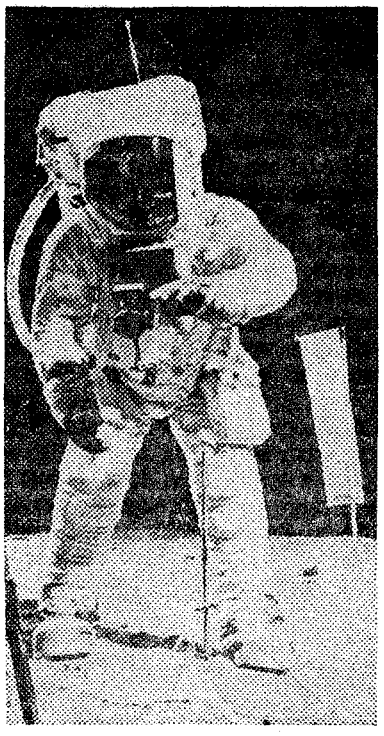

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evidence. Equally surprising from a sociological viewpoint is Mander's thesis that all Populist parties in Latin America are *mestizo* parties, and since the "*mestizo* attitudes towards *criollo* culture are imitative and deferential—in a word, conservative"—it follows that "it is at bottom the *mestizo* basis of these parties—with all that it implies of a desire to assimilate to the *criollo* norm—that causes them to gravitate to the political centre. If we choose to listen, what we hear in those movements is the voice of the *mestizo* caste demanding its place in the sun." Regardless of the author's failure to define clearly what he means by "Populist" parties, this assertion can hardly be considered valid if it is applied to the Peronist movement in Argentina or even to the P.R.I. in Mexico (parties that can be considered of a "Populist" nature).

It is a reflection upon Mander's book that the Cuban Revolution is omitted in his analysis of Latin American society. The book has not much more to say about the essential determinants of the Latin American power structure: all one gets is some rambling commentaries about the *mestizos* and their desire to belong to a higher class. The final gist is that Latin Americans have no one to blame but themselves for their underdevelopment and poverty; their underdevelopment is the expression of a fatal flaw, an "inferior quality" in the Latin American character.

It is the same old argument for the "white man's burden," if only a little more sophisticated. The fact that the Latin American ruling class, supported by American imperial power, has thus far stemmed the tide of the Latin American revolution is but a reflection of the ruthless power-seeking, not of the *mestizos* (who never have had the power) but of those who do, who cling tenaciously to their privileges in that "changing world" which Mander attempts to describe.

The ferment of revolution is present in Latin America. Cuba first kindled its flame. This in turn served notice upon the American empire and the Latin American elite that something had to be done quickly. We have all been witnesses to what has followed in the wake of the Cuban Revolution: the recrudescence of power of the Right through Army coups in Brazil, Argentina and Bolivia. The "unrevolutionary society" the author attempts to describe is but the expression of the essential continuity of a society so archaic that it is no longer able to command the allegiance of its members except through widespread repression and the perpetuation of obscurantism and ignorance. It may sound illusory to prophesy its impending doom. But it is also perhaps equally illusory to prophesy —as Mander does by implication—that the static nature of Latin American society is so deeply rooted in its character that it will never throw off the yoke of foreign and domestic domination.

It is precisely because there exists an "unrevolutionary society" that the need for revolution is becoming more and more apparent to Latin America. The opposite, namely the need for counter-revolution, also holds true, particularly when the specter of revolution shows its head to those who rule the "unrevolutionary society." The truth is that Latin America is both a conservative and a radical society if looked at from different perspectives. Mander has looked at it from the perspective of an outsider, as a white Anglo-Saxon liberal who has a scarcely concealed contempt for the Latin character. I look at it from the inside, from the very depths of a continent where I feel at home, and with whose struggle I feel identified. There lies, perhaps, the true difference between our approaches to the problem of revolution in Latin America.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The Grand Kabuki company of Tokyo, on a short tour through New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, provides a particular pleasure. No one truly interested in the theatre should miss it.

The sounds emitted by Kabuki actors, musicians, narrators, are frequently weird, startling or laughable to the Occidental ear. The movements, deliberate, pigeon-toed—the men playing women's parts walk with a slight break at the knees—are also peculiar. Colors are extreme, variegated, often clashing. The masculine costumes are elaborate, heavy with "trousers" which encase the feet so that one wonders how the actors manage to walk without tripping.

Yet all these elements evoke a passionate decorum, a special grace. Nothing is realistic; everything is right. There is a certain gaiety even in the tragedy; the differentiation between the serious and the comic can barely be discerned. Violence is made beautiful, bloodshed noble. Aesthetics are equated with morality. We who behold the wonderful figures before us gaze upon them as if we were gods bemused by the apparitions we have created.

Voices are not projected—one hardly sees lips move; sounds seem to proceed from the speaker's bowels. Forthright speech would be almost vulgar to these creatures. Anger is denoted by a sort of animal growl or an undirected hiss. Eyebrows twitch or rise sharply. The "ladies" coo like birds or sigh ineffably, while their hands flutter on wrists as delicate as stems. Benign persons are marked by chalk-white countenances; the faces of the less favored are earth brown with black stripes to lend ferocity to their expressions. Heavy breathing is meant to signify strong feeling.

When the hero of *Chushingura* (The Treasury of Loyal Retainers) strikes his antagonist, the flashing sword does not touch him (the stroke is indicated by the blade describing a swift arc), and his fury is shown by his companions gathering around him while he sways in their midst as if he were blown by the wind. The agony of harakiri is conveyed by the spasms of the actor's body and the distortion of his features. There is no "blood."

Apart from the perfection of the spare gestures, eyes are the most significant feature of this histrionic communication. They are clearly visible even at some distance because of the actors' masklike make-up. In *Chushingura,* the hero who has been humiliated by the governor reveals his resentment by glances as penetrating as a thrust dagger. The victim's attempts to show deference to his superior and his sorrow at what he knows to be his fate are the contraction of his brow and the lowering of his eyelids.

Much of this would be set down as mugging on the Western stage, but it is not so here. There is feeling behind the signs, which are economical, concentrated and, above all, hieratically formalized. All is style. Nothing is casual or accidental. The hauteur in these manifestations might be called grandeur if they were even a bit more ostentatious, but there is a modesty here which eschews the stress of personal emphasis. The acting seems to be an obeisance to a supreme law.

It is difficult to distinguish the precise degree of excellence among the individual players. Baiko, however, appears to possess the stuff and the finesse of craftsmanship of which great actors are made. There is enormous power in his bearing, in the keenness of his regard, and with it all, profound reserve.

In the second piece of the first program, Baiko first impersonates a lady-in-waiting called upon to dance with a lion's mask to ward off evil spirits. Frightened at first, she shies away from the task. Urged back she performs the rite in which butterflies (made of tin, held on long wires manipulated by visible "prop" men) come to tease the king of beasts, who at the beginning is only a wooden mask the lady holds in her hand

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while making its jaws snap. Soon the excitement of the frolic causes her to be transformed into the lion itself.

Baiko now returns as the lion, dazzling white of visage, blood-red around the eyes and lips. The previously soft, lilting lady has become cruelly menacing, except that the lion's mane is a flaxen blond longer than its body. It tosses in a way that suggests both awesome strength and a massive playfulness. Terror has become charm.

But what does it all mean? Is there any "content" to this colorful spectacle? Sustaining the entire event is a sense of honor: not alone the honor of man but that of the universe, the glory in the life of all things. Good and evil are equally celebrated. In his confrontation with all these the individual may be proud because he is part of the whole. He must be obedient to it with solemn splendor (and even with lightness of heart), so that in some way he may match it. This is pagan and feudal. Kabuki was the fruit of the rising merchant class of the 17th century, but it had not lost the desire to reproduce the magnificence of its forebears.

Why does Kabuki today still fascinate the Japanese? To begin with, because it is a gorgeous show and then because, despite its hectic plunge into modern industrialism, Japan is still a country where pride of manner, posture, self-discipline, tension directed toward balance, gracious ease born of strong will and practiced refinement are in themselves the deportment of wisdom. A savant asymmetry becomes loveliness in which the anarchy of existence is reconciled through cultivated care.

We talk a great deal about "total theatre." It is an ancient thing: Kabuki is one of its most brilliant forms.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Since its opening seven years ago, Philharmonic Hall has been the site of numerous recitals and chamber concerts ill suited to its vast spaces and further hampered by its celebrated acoustical deficiencies; presumably the managers of such events felt that these disadvantages were outweighed by the additional business accruing from association with the magic phrase "Lincoln Center." With the opening of Alice Tully Hall, the new chamber music room in the Juilliard School building, the same apparently effective cachet is now available in more suitable dimensions (about 1,100 seats), and we may hope that New York's musical life will benefit, at least to the extent that events of less than orchestral dimensions will be drawn away from Philharmonic Hall, whether or not the latter's maladies turn out to have been successfully remedied by the most recent remodeling.

The further extent of the benefits conferred by Tully Hall will take longer to assess. The initial acoustic impression, at the opening concerts, was one of solidity and warmth—perhaps even a little too much of the latter, at least from the center seats about halfway back. Thus at the Guarneri String Quartet concert (September 13), a shadow of excessive resonance seemed to hover about the sound of Beethoven's Opus 130, bringing with it a slight blurring of detail. (The piece was played with its first finale, the *Grosse Fuge*—a strenuous assignment, but creditably accomplished.) However, the Tchaikovsky sextet, *Souvenir de Florence* (with the Guarneris joined by Walter Trampler and Leslie Parnas), fared rather better in the surroundings. Already scored to sound rich and full, it gave an eyes-closed impression of still greater sonority. Naturally, more experience, with a greater variety of concerts, will be needed to establish general characteristics and local peculiarities; meanwhile, surely something can be done about the pitched hum—lighting or ventilation?—that was audible during rests and pauses.

The opening concerts, although sponsored by the equally new Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, involved very few members of that organization. It would be premature, therefore, to pass broad judgment on the society's prospects for delivering a consistent level of performance. It must be said, though, that the first concert (September 11) produced one marked deficiency of competence, as well as what sounded like a lack of sufficient rehearsal among the guests. Why, one wonders, was a collection of *ad hoc* combinations offered at the inaugural of an organization presumably devoted to the maintenance of a stable and coordinated ensemble?

The announced programs of the Chamber Music Society certainly do little to wipe out the impression, intentional or not, that Lincoln Center's prevailing stance is conservative, effectively freezing musical activity into patterns and settings fundamentally more suitable for the 1920s (or, almost equally, the 1890s) than for the 1970s. In an era (say, since World War I) when a high proportion of composition has been channeled into the medium of the chamber ensemble, the society presents a series of sixteen concerts that virtually ignores this literature, except for a series of special commissions —the familiar "world première" complex in action again. Similarly, at a time when interest in and knowledge of music before 1750—a repertory just as heavily weighted with works of chamber scale—is broader than ever, only token examples will be offered to audiences at this series. It will be interesting, naturally, to hear a variety of unusual 19th-century pieces for odd ensembles, but this approach to programming hardly seems an appropriate response to the present musical situation, let alone a substitute for the long-range aims of enlarging audience experience in breadth as well as depth, and of bringing concert life into a valid relationship with contemporary musical creation.

By this time, the reactions of the powers that control Lincoln Center's musical components have become so predictably directed in favor of preserving the *status quo* that the appointment of Pierre Boulez as next musical director of the New York Philharmonic comes as a considerable surprise and deserves at least a qualified welcome. The implied judgment that no American conductor is equipped to hold the position is both absurd and offensive, a reflection more on the competence of those making the selection than on that of the musicians passed over. However, under the circumstances (which almost certainly involved the strong interest of C.B.S. in placing one of its contracted conductors in the position, perhaps more for prestige than for purposes of actual recording), we may at least express relief that the orchestra's directors have voted in favor of the 20th century, and swallow our national pride, with whatever reservations we may have as to Boulez's scope as a conductor.

One of the reasons for regarding this appointment optimistically is that Boulez has expressed some imaginative ideas about getting concert life out of the 19th-century rut, and an apparent determination to put these ideas into practice. (Most recently, on a C.B.S.-TV *Camera Three* interview with Michael Steinberg, shown on September 14 but actually filmed last season, before the Philharmonic announcement.) One tactic implied by his remarks is a division of concerts into separate categories for adventurous and conservative listeners—an arrangement that will only be feasible if it is possible to juggle rehearsal time, borrowing from the standard repertory concerts to permit adequate preparation of the new works. This would surely be preferable to the present unsatisfactory technique of "balancing" the most interesting novelties with the most outrageous chestnuts (a notable, if hardly unique, example is a forthcoming Philharmonic program in which Wallingford Riegger's highly regarded but rarely heard *Study*

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In Sonority is bracketed with Ibert's *Divertissement* and Orff's *Carmina Burana*). There is no doubt that our orchestras could do something about relating programming and subscription series; as things now stand, a season ticket guarantees only a specified procession of conductors, thereby inevitably attracting an audience of podium watchers rather than music listeners.

(An operation already in a position to experiment along these lines is Carnegie Hall's Festival of Visiting Orchestras. One of the several series offered there could be devoted to all-contemporary programs, each orchestra drawing upon works prepared for several different concerts at home to present one program for New York—but they would have to be genuinely adventurous programs, not pseudo-modernities such as Ibert and Orff.)

Another Boulez suggestion involves using the orchestra as a pool from which to draw smaller ensembles. With the help of skilled assistant conductors, this tactic would effectively stretch the programming returns from a limited rehearsal period. He experimented along these lines during his Philharmonic stint last winter, but the ultimate success of the idea depends in part on the improvement of the hall's acoustics. A further possibility would be the programming of electronic or soloist-plus-electronic works, thus increasing the relative rehearsal time available for orchestral music (but Philharmonic Hall has yet to be adequately equipped for the reproduction of electronic sounds).

There is, obviously, room for new ideas at Lincoln Center, and Boulez may be the man to provide them—but he will need the wholehearted support of the Philharmonic management. The mood for now is cautious optimism—tempered by patience. The appointment does not take effect for two years, and even then involves only eight weeks of concerts in the first season. Meanwhile, the mixture (if not quite as much Mahler) as before.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Medium Cool—as the punning reversal of McLuhan's celebrated definition of television suggests—is a study of the competing realities of life and the tube. Haskell Wexler, the writer and director, has made a Godard sort of picture, using a virtuoso camera (Wexler is himself a cameraman), readily identifiable locales, very strong characters (many playing themselves) in passing situations, expensive-looking color, a considerable amount of overt argumentation—and of course the preoccupation with actuality fractured by technique—to drive home a point in a consciously mod style. It is more romantic—one might justifiably say more sentimental—than one would expect from the Frenchman, and that is perhaps its central fault. Not that the love story is implausible or excessively sweet according to the conventions of popular theatre but because it pins the viewer's hopes on the fortunes of one couple when the real nature of the picture is to juggle lives with a somewhat dispassionate dexterity toward a deeply felt goal.

There is also the question of audience. I don't see *Medium Cool* getting far on the popcorn circuit; it is too elliptical and often too wry to be munched through. But in the art houses, where it is now playing, the thesis that rigorous actuality processed through a machine becomes a kind of bearable ersatz fiction with catharsis supplied is long since assimilated. When the ace cameraman, John Cassellis (Robert Forster) works his way to understanding that his job may involve more than the joy of shooting vivid footage, it is hard to stay at his pace: he seems a nice fellow, but slow.

For all that, I would not sell the picture short. Wexler demonstrates his points with some exceedingly powerful episodes. I recall particularly a situation in which Cassellis has gone to a ghetto apartment to interview a black taxi driver who—the after-supper customers will be astonished to learn (as the police were reluctant to admit)—had turned in a large packet of money found in his cab. In the flat, Cassellis runs foul of a group of soul-dressed brothers and sisters who have no patience with whitey's hero bit, and want to get *their* lives on the air. One of the girls puts on a display of verbal bullying that is a brilliant example of an increasingly familiar kind of aggression. (But here again there is something a little simple-minded about having Forster use repeatedly terms of superficial endearment toward the girl in a set-up where conventions of speech are obviously going to be taken literally and thus used against him: Cassellis is supposed to be a quick thinker.)

Wexler designed his picture in anticipation of Chicago 1968, and the footage from the actual convention and the carnage in the streets is the blood-rousing climax of his work. But not as rousing as one might perhaps think. Movies are also a medium, and the blows are somehow diminished; you find yourself admiring the enterprise of the cameras and the tempo of the editing, as though watching some enactment of the Battle of Solferino. The camera—any kind of camera—tends to turn remembered experiences into recorded history. The effect is the stronger here, perhaps, because by the time the Democrats have come to Daley's town, the melodrama of Casselli's romance with his Appalachian war widow come green to the city is in full swing. She wanders through the ravages of law and order, looking for her lost little boy and seeking help from her new love, and the battle becomes a background for personal suspense. It seems enacted, though I understand she was really there.

What I don't understand as well is the conclusion. The man and woman have been reunited and are driving through the streets looking for the boy. Comes word on the car radio that they have been killed in an accident, and a moment later they crash. If that is meant to say that broadcasting creates reality, it says it in a much too literal way, raising teasing paradoxes when the social ambiguities are teasing enough. It is a switch from McLuhan to Robert Nathan—providing a "thought-filled" fictional clincher for a film whose main thrust has been to cut through the fiction.

FOR A STILL-BORN NIECE

A thousand miles from you, my sister,
I plunge my wrists in the ocean
until they are braceleted with salt.
Then I raise them to the sun
as beacons for the child's soul.

WILLIAM WITHERUP

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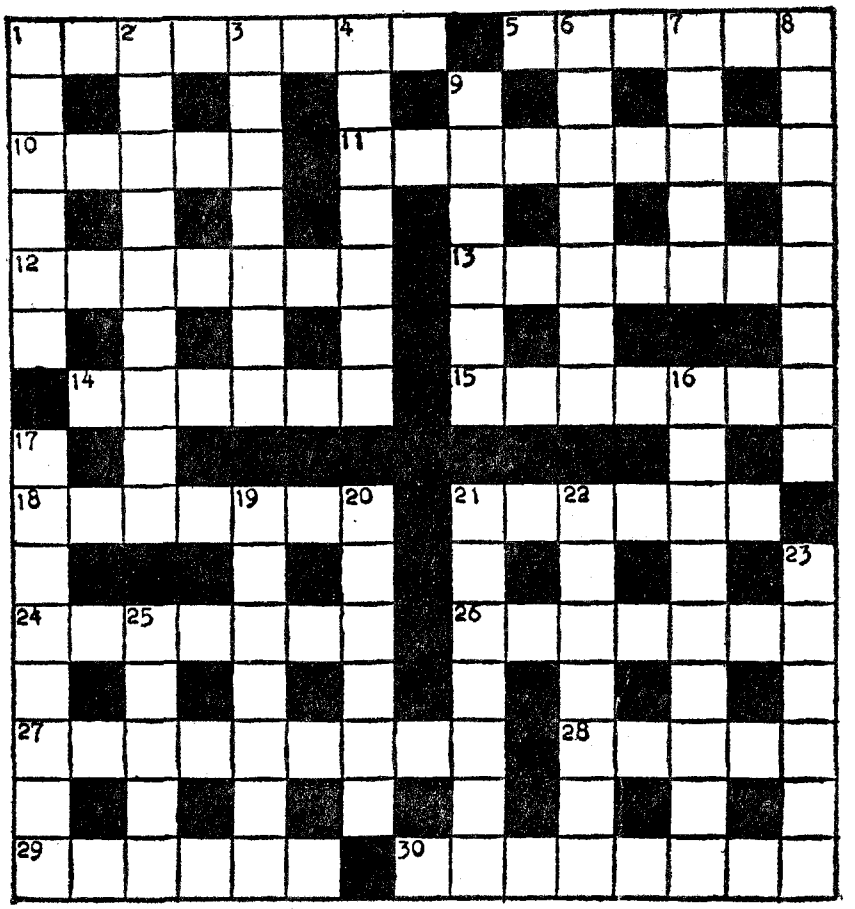
Crossword Puzzle No. 1314

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What one is told to do with 24 on one's 30, as one might boast. (4-4)
5 Builds up the story a little? It's a sort of a fishy sign! (6)
10 Encourage one with a rather raw sound, possibly? (5)
11 Village quarters closed tight—possibly shut down by the police? (9)
12 It doesn't pay him to participate! (7)
13 There's nothing in uncle's make-up to suggest the possible answer! (7)
14 Notices the absence of girls? (6)
15 Australian clipper, perhaps. (7)
18 One from Anjou given an unusual appearance? (7)
21 He acts improperly, and swindles one.
24 The light part of 30-7? (7)
26 Each chapter might have this as increased capital. (7)
27 Sailor-saint in protective covering. (9)
28 See 29
29 and 28 Tidies up the shelter, but not with Vandyke. (5-6)
30 and 7 down A number of years might be indicated by their 24. (8,5)

DOWN

1 Sound clasp, but it really indicates cheek.
2 An Air Force commander might be inspiring a certain amount of reverential fear. (9)
3 Listens to birds in the boat? Quite the opposite! (7)
4 Brings back an impression such as the sound of the fire? (7)
6 Get something other than a 12 remedy, certainly! (7)
7 See 30 across.
8 Do they impose burdens, or make the position of the rider more comfortable? (8)
9 Reduce some? Without capital, develops the answer. (6)
16 Acted fetchingly? (9)
17 It might be a drug on the market. (8)
19 The country house in many a play has one. (7)
20 Ensconce in the finest leaf. (6)
21 The city, in brief, ends up not in favor of drink. (7)
22 It's great for Alexander! (7)
23 A full supply to work with about 10, in a way. (6)
25 Tender, when you don't feel well. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1313

ACROSS: 1 Thumbs up; 10 Antlers; 11 Relapse; 12 Slack; 13 Endowment; 14 and 29 Extra innings; 16 Thespian; 19 Partisan; 22 Steep; 24 Makeshift; 26 and 28 Trade journal; 30 Rather; 31 Treeless. DOWN: 1 Transfer; 2 and 5 Ultramarine; 3 Breakfast; 4 Upswept; 6 Allow; 7 Imprecate; 8 Exerts; 9 Cradle; 15 Track suit; 17 Past tense; 18 Appeases; 20 Spills; 21 Nuttier; 23 A major; 25 Sense; 27 Annie.

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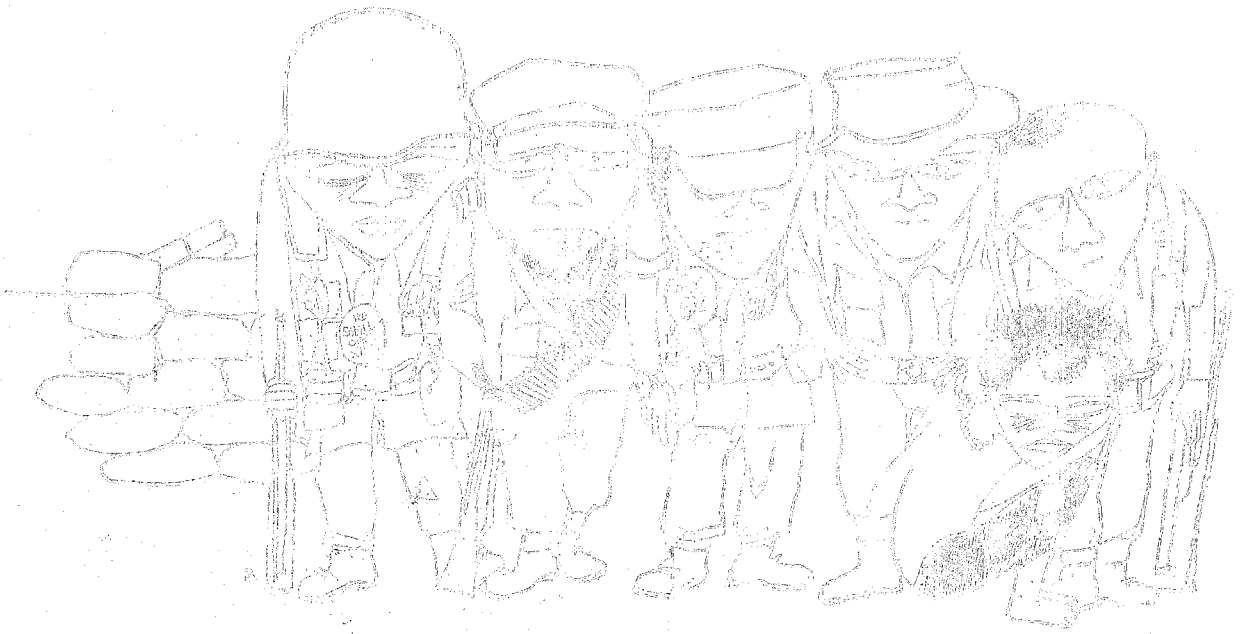

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